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MONSEIGNEUR F. J. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD—I. LIFE.

A Bishop of France at the Close of the Old Regime.

AMONG the notable personages who went up to Versailles to represent the French clergy in the States General of 1789 was Pierre Louis de La Rochefoucauld, the last Bishop of the diocese of Saintes. His name, linked with that of his unfortunate brother, François Joseph, Bishop of Beauvais, has become one of the most precious ornaments of the Church of modern France. At that memorable convocation on the morning of May 5, 1789, ecclesiastics of widely divergent ideas sat gathered. Among their number were many whose services in the impending Revolution were soon to weigh heavily on the side of good or evil. Foremost spokesman of his Order, sat Abbé Maury, future Cardinal, whose eloquent voice was to vie with Mirabeau's. There, too, but ranged with the Tiers État as a representative of the people of Paris, sat Abbé Siéyes, future regicide, cold, determined reasoner, a dry, absolute sort of a man, rigorous in deductions, with a genius for positive definition and a comprehensive mind, which reduced everything to theorem, and system, and constitutional formula; there, too, in the clergy ranks, was poor Abbé Grégoire, with his optimistic heart wrapped up in every scheme of plausible philanthropy; there, too, figured Mgr. de Talleyrand, already four months a bishop, but so thoroughly taken up with a perplexity of public concerns[1] at this period that he retained merely a quasi-domicile at Autun, the seat of the bishopric, and gave his diocese attention only when he could spare the time.

[1] *Life of Talleyrand*, by Lady Blennerhassett.

These men were prominent in subsequent councils when that body, which had come together as the States General, dropped that harmless name for the more pregnant title of Constituent Assembly of France. As members of that national assembly, the La Rochefoucauld brothers acted the part of safe conservatives; they spoke but little from the tribune; their united glory, as it manifests itself to us, is the unswerving devotedness they showed to the cause of religion, a life of like piety and unselfishness, and, more than this, a martyr-death together beneath the pikes of the September massacres.

The parents of our two La Rochefoucaulds were blessed with equal sons and daughters, ten children in all. Of the daughters, two entered religion; and of the sons two were called to the Church. Pierre Louis was the last child of the family. He was born October 12, 1744, in the rich wine-country of the southwest, in one of those regions where a contented peasantry and the presence of every rural charm combine to make one think of the paintings of Ruysdael and the poetry of Wordsworth. The village of his birth lay in what the old regime called the bishopric of Perigueux, but which since the Concordat has been absorbed in the diocese of Angoulême. Formerly, too, this hamlet was a part of the province of Perigord; now it is included in the department of La Charente. Its situation is charming. The landscape to right and left is decidedly pastoral. To the eastward one looks across into the diversified country of historic Perigord, with its spreading meadows, its clustering forests and occasional breaks of low marsh-land; back to the north, a nobler prospect, rise the gentle Angoumois hills, their slopes carpeted with softest verdure or bristling with their wealth of claret-vines.

At the foot of one of these hills nestles the spire of St. Cybard in the poor deserted village of Le Peirat; and close to the church-walls is a house of some pretension. The villagers—and they are but very few in number—call it the "Château;" but it is scarcely more than a gentleman's country-house. The front porch is rather large and shows armorial carvings which have been partially destroyed by deliberate strokes of a revolutionary hammer. Just underneath, cut into the stone, you may read the date of the year when the structure was built, A. D. 1668. Ask the peasants if

they have ever heard of the La Rochefoucaulds: you will get in reply a negative shake of the head. Yet, in that very habitation Pierre Louis was born, and in the neighboring church was baptized. The storm of the Revolution spared nothing that belonged to a La Rochefoucauld. The very tombs of Le Peirat were overturned; the names of the family effaced, and every memorial destroyed. The entire property has long since passed to other owners. In the town-hall, however, of the adjoining village, Blazanguet, is kept the old baptismal registry; and among the records we find the name of Pierre Louis duly chronicled, although in a wording rather prolix and archaic:

"Le treizième du mois d'octobre de l'an mil sept cent quarente-quatre a été baptisé par moy soussigné un enfant de Messire Jean de Larochefoucauld, chevalier, seigneur de Marmont, Manzac, Barros, Le Vivier et autres places, chevalier des ordres militaires de Notre Dame du Mont Carmel et St. Lazare de Jérusalem, et de dame Marguérite des Esco, mariés, demeurant en leur château du Vivier, paroisse de St. Cybard d'Eyraut, icilui né le jour d'hier, auquel avons donné le nom Pierre Louis. A été parrein Pierre Galet; marraine Marguérite Bernier, domestiques du sieur et dame de Marmont. Le tout en presence de Pierre Saben et François Dussidant, Vignerons de St. Cybard, qui n'ont sceu signer, ni le parrein ni la marraine, de ce interpellés. "Geneste, Curé de St. Cybard."

Nothing very definite is known of the boyhood of either brother. In the *Journal* of André Legrix, who died in 1818, vicar-general of the diocese of La Rochelle, mention is made of Pierre Louis de La Rochefoucauld; and in a note at the bottom of the page are added the following remarks:

"He was of the illustrious house of La Rochefoucauld, but of a branch very meagrely supplied with the advantages of fortune. The father of Pierre Louis exercised the trade of carpentering in a part of Angoulême over which a scion of the Deval family held seigniory. One day M. Deval found two little village lads playing with his own children. Noticing their distinguished manner and the intelligence apparent in their faces, he made it his business to call in at the home of their parent; and there, to his astonishment, he ascertained their noble origin. At once he made known the incident to the venerable Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who sent the two lads to St. Sulpice."

Another authority, writing in the *Ami de la Religion* for March, 1824, states that the stalwart old Duc de La Rochefoucauld was one day riding through a certain country-village when suddenly a gamin, calling to a fellow urchin at play in the street, cried out: "Eh, La Rochefoucauld!" The Duke, turning with surprise toward the

youngster who was thus addressed, bade the latter to approach. "What do you call yourself, my boy?" he asked him. "De La Rochefoucauld," promptly answered the stripling. "Ah, perhaps you mean that you are from M. de La Rochefoucauld's town?" "No, sir." "What is your father's name?" "La Rochefoucauld." "Then, show me where he lives." The youngster complied; and, as a result, the Duke, finding the family to be poor but deserving relations of his own, is said to have undertaken the education of the youth and his brother.

It would be pleasant indeed to believe these pretty legends. Unfortunately we are obliged to impugn their credibility. Louis Audiat, who certainly is a scholar well versed in the annals of the Saintonge, scouts the very idea of a plebeian occupation, and repels the charge of poverty, as if poverty were a disgrace. The indignation with which he expresses himself sounds richly ludicrous to American ears:

"Who in the world can believe," exclaims Audiat, "that a *gentilhomme* bearing one of the most illustrious names in our history, united by marriage to the most illustrious families, a member of the Order of Mt. Carmel and of St. Lazare of Jerusalem, holding five or six feudal seigniories at the time of his youngest child's birth, —should yet feel obliged, in order to bring up his family, to go planing boards for the rustics of Le Peirat? How admit that the La Rochefoucaulds, the Montalamberts, and the Galards of Bearn, who set their signatures to the baptism-registries of the children, could yet leave in want the father, a man bound to them by the multiple ties of blood, intermarriage, and friendship? The elder brothers too,—what about them? They, richly provided for, were contracting handsome marriages and buying up property at the very time when it is alleged that the younger brothers were running wild and ragged through the streets. Imagine them leaving to Sieur Deval the honor of rescuing the young pair from indigence! Imagine them permitting their sire, wearing on his bosom the decoration of the Order of St. Lazare, to go around patching up cupboards and bedsteads and window-frames! Jean Charles, the son who at that epoch was just about to marry the sister-in-law of a marshal of France and viceroy of St. Domingo; fancy him accepting aid from the Devals, people who were mere merchants, holding the seigniory of Touvre not by virtue of blood or heritage, but merely through business agreement!"

The incident may be apocryphal; it is none the less characteristic; for rarely in the history of the House has a La Rochefoucauld proved disloyal to a namesake. The original fief dates from the tenth century. Since then, the La Rochefoucaulds, spread far over France, have shone in every career of honorable employment—arms, arts, belles-lettres. Proud of their long tradi-

tions, they looked upon one another as members of a chosen tribe; the family-name was everything; and to advance preferment, when possible, was merely a matter of *parti pris.* In the lives of the two brother prelates, this family trait is well shown. From the first day of the seminary, their path was guided by Dominique de La Rochefoucauld, Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen. His Grace of Rouen had in turn before that been taken in hand himself by still another Cardinal de La Rochefoucauld, François Jerome, Archbishop of Bourges. The latter was, besides this, *abbé-général* of Cluny; and when he died, in 1757, the king made Dominique de La Rochefoucauld *abbé-général* in his place. For many years thereafter the Cardinal Dominique took charge of the administration of Cluny. This coveted post was immensely rich in benefices; and, naturally enough, the brothers, Pierre Louis and François Joseph, came in for timely and due recognition.

Proceeding to Paris, both made their first long studies at the College of Navarre; each in turn was enrolled at the seminary of St. Sulpice, and successively they passed on to take the degree of Licentiate at the Sorbonne. François, the elder, being ordained, was summoned to Rouen by the Cardinal and there given the archdeaconry of Vexin. Shortly thereafter we find him installed as prior of Lanville, a benefice in Angoulême which had been in the family since 1531, over two hundred years. Pierre Louis, the junior, was not forgotten. The first recognition came when his kinsman, the Cardinal, offered him the priory of Notre Dame at Nanteuil, in the diocese of Meaux, formerly the see of the great Bossuet. This was a benefice in the bestowal of Cluny, and brought a revenue of 2,000 livres. Larousse places the value of the *livre* at something over ten pence. Allowing, however, as Thiers does, that money would go at least twice as far then as it does now, we may figure the benefice of Nanteuil as equivalent to about $850. In any case it was larger than the annual salary of a parish priest. Under the old regime, the latter was never adequately recompensed. The most favorable edict was that of 1785, which insured a minimum salary of 750 livres to a pastor, and 350 to a curate. This did not include foundation Masses; neither did it comprise the *casuel* or perquisites. A petitionary

document still exists in which the clergy of the province of Saintonge make request to the authorities for an increase in salaries, pointing out that to live decently, and yet moderately, a pastor ought to receive, at the very lowest, 1,000 livres, and a curate or a chaplain, at least 550. After the eventual sequestration of ecclesiastical property, the State through the Constituent Assembly pledged itself to provide by public funds for the support of the un-beneficed clergy. The schedule of payment was arranged by Talleyrand, whose experience as prelate and financier certainly enabled him to gauge the matter; and his estimate was therefore accepted, assigning as the proper minimum salary of parish priests a yearly stipend of 1,200 livres, with rent-free house and garden.

François Joseph de La Rochefoucauld, named by Louis XV to the bishopric of Beauvais, received the due canonical bulls from Clement XIV in 1772. He brought his younger brother along with him to the diocese and made him vicar-general. The appointment became popular, and for several years Pierre Louis remained at this honorable post. In 1774 he journeyed to Rheims to witness the young king's coronation, and shortly after this his official functions brought him into dealings with the benignant but luckless monarch. Louis XVI, who liked a frank honest man, and liked him doubly if he could boast good blood, seems to have taken quite a fancy to Pierre Louis. He picked him out in 1780 for the abbey of the Sainte Croix at Bordeaux, a benefice worth 18,000 livres. Other honors soon followed. In 1781 the see of Saintes became vacant, through the death of its bishop, Mgr. Chasteigner. This was an important diocese, comprising the old province of Saintonge in western France, and extending along with the Gironde river to the open expanse of the Atlantic.

On the day of Mgr. Chasteigner's funeral, the Chapter came together after Vespers and organized for the interregnum. Abbé Delaage was named Dean of the Chapter, and Abbé Fauchay, although he was a Freemason—*quoique franc-maçon*, as the chronicle informs us—was made Secretary.[2] A letter was drafted to the king, and its concluding words read as follows:

[2] *Histoire de l'église santone*, par l'Abbé Briand.

"Let us beseech heaven with most fervent appeal to send us a shepherd according to the heart of God, who by his zeal and wisdom may bring about the welfare and honor of religion, together with the greatest benefit to our diocese."[3]

The result of this communication was the immediate appointment of Pierre Louis de La Rochefoucauld. The apostolic bulls, for which the prelate named paid the sum of 2,000 florins (16,000 francs), were signed by Pius VI on September 10, 1781.[4]

The narrative of La Rochefoucauld's entrance into the see of Saintes reads like one of Pompey's triumphs. The city felt the honor of having for its bishop a man of such illustrious family.[5] Holiday was declared for all. At a little bridge which marked the city boundary, the authorities waited to give welcome. An immense procession went out to meet the new incumbent. Stately ceremony accompanied every preparatory step. The houses along the route were ablaze with decoration. Salvos of artillery boomed. The royal troops of the ancient province marched in their gayest parade; bands of music congregated; little girls, dressed in white, waited with great baskets to scatter flowers over the road when the Bishop would come; and little boys, clad to represent shepherds, stood ready to lead white lambs along with the march. The mayor and the civic judges, all in robes of office, met La Rochefoucauld at the bridge. The prelate stepped from his carriage to give greeting, and at once was formally presented with the red book infolding the city's privileges. Stretching out his arm, he set the palm of his hand upon the open volume and took the oath:

"I Pierre, Bishop of Saintes, promise upon my soul to respect the liberties, customs, and praiseworthy traditions of this city of Saintes, in everything which regards me as Bishop and Lord."

Without further delay the Mayor then offered La Rochefoucauld an arm of escort; and so afoot they passed on into the streets of the town amid immense cheering. In front of the cathedral the final halt was made. There the body of canons of the diocese stood ceremoniously drawn up before the door which was closed fast. A short address by the dean was followed by

[3] *Archives historiques de la Saintonge.*

[4] L. Audiat, *Dernier Evêque de Saintes*, p. 39. Larousse estimates the value of the florin in 1789 at 8 francs.

[5] Abbé Briand, *Histoire de l'église santone et aunisienne.*

words from Pierre Louis. Then, a Mass-book being held before him by an acolyte, the Bishop laid his hand upon its open pages and solemnly swore "to maintain the Canons, the Dean and the Chapter in all their rights, privileges, exemptions, liberties, franchises and immunities." Thereat the dean handed him a pair of silver keys which were bound together with purple ribbons tied in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. An altar-boy, too, came forward bearing aloft a ponderous brass crucifix. This the prelate took and held up conspicuously in token of benediction.

"Pax vobis!" he said.
"Is it then peace which you bring us?" asks the dean.
"It is indeed peace!"
"C'est bien la paix?" repeats the dean.
"C'est bien la paix," the Bishop assures him.
"La paix veritable?"
"Oui, la paix veritable."

With that guarantee uttered, the doors of the great edifice are swung open; the vestments are donned at once; the mitre set on the newcomer's brow, and the crosier taken in hand. The music of the organ begins to roll as the procession starts toward the altar; and the entire concourse presses in, Bishop and clergy and laity voicing together in one mighty chorus the inspiriting strophes of the *Te Deum*.

The diocese of Saintes contained 291 parishes, 562 churches, and 24 *archipretés*. The latter were important benefices, the incumbents of which took the title of archpriests; their duties, according to the Rev. Dr. S. B. Smith, corresponded to functions which now are looked after by auxiliary bishops and rural deans. Episcopal sway in the bishopric of Saintes was singularly restricted. We find, for instance, that only about half of the parishes were in the naming of the Bishop. The Chapter itself had 28 parishes to appoint to; and the important cure of St. Michael's was in the jurisdiction of the dean. As a result, bickerings and collisions had been, alas! too frequent. Mgr. Chasteigner, the predecessor of Pierre Louis, had even been haled before the Parlement of Bordeaux by his canons in order to force him to give them an annual dinner which they claimed was their traditional due.[6]

[6] Audiat.

These *parlementes*, ever so ready to meddle with ecclesiastical affairs, were but courts of law established in the chief cities of old France. They had no political character,[7] though indeed the Parlement of Paris did arrogate to itself on occasions the power of refusing to register certain royal decrees,—which registering was customary and would give royal edicts the force of law.

An interesting episode in the diocesan annals of Saintes marked the period which our research has been directed to. It seems that a certain Abbé David, defiant and cantankerous in disposition, although he was the pastor of an important charge, had come into open collision with several members of his flock. It was this pastor's custom to write various observations alongside the names on the public baptism-register of the parish. Some of the parishioners, averring that these remarks were insulting and defamatory, objected to having their names handed down to posterity with any such series of running commentaries. The chief objector, a certain Lieutenant Fourchard, carried the matter to authority, and summary action was taken at once. The curé was ordered to erase all odious imputations from the book. Greatly irritated at the lieutentant who had brought about this reprimand, the pastor saw fit to speak of the matter from the altar, and there, losing his temper, he declared that "he cared no more for Fourchard or Fourchard's wife than he did for the mud in the street," and that if he ever got the chance, he would refuse them the Sacraments. The dean, Abbé Delaage, hearing of this, suspended the pastor without further delay. The latter appealed for redress to the Parlement of Bordeaux, which immediately reinstated him. The dean, seeing his authority broken, resigned from the prosecution in disgust, and the Abbé Daniel Casey took his place as prosecutor. Abbé Casey, denying to the Parlement any right to judge in the matter, reasserted the prior suspension. Again the Parlement acted as before. Notwithstanding this, the Church authorities proceeded with disciplinary measures. A new pastor was sent to replace the offending curé, as rector of the parish. Here, however, a fresh obstacle was met, for the crochetty Abbé David, taking refuge behind the Parlement's ruling, absolutely refused to permit the newcomer to even enter the church. Mat-

[7] *Memoires de Talleyrand.* Broglie.

ters were at this mortifying pass when Pierre Louis took hold of the diocese. La Rochefoucauld sought by the means of clever diplomacy to win over the Parlement and induce it to annul its own decree; but, upon meeting with a blunt refusal, he was compelled to adopt other tactics, and so appealed straightway to the king. A royal council settled the matter finally in behalf of the Bishop; but this satisfactory issue was reached only after a year of persistent dilly-dallying.

One of the Bishop's first acts was the dismissal of the Abbé Casey. The latter, it appears, by virtue of his official position as a member of the Chapter, had pressed forward certain recommendations which Mgr. de La Rochefoucauld did not at all approve. The wish to inaugurate reforms is sometimes interpreted as the contemning of authority, and in the case in point such was the view which the Bishop seems to have taken. In order, however, to make the dismissal not too severe a stroke, he set aside for Abbé Casey an annual allotment, payable in gold coin, and amounting to about $700, if calculated in American money. This amount the deposed official considered inadequate for decent and reasonable support; and so we are not surprised to find the Abbé Daniel Casey, later on, in March, 1789, arguing before the Ecclesiastical Council for a general increase of salary for both pastors and curates. He contended also that in the matter of promotions and appointments a merit system should prevail; that things should not be so generally monopolized by clerics of distinguished birth; but rather that favors and ecclesiastical honors should go as well to the "ordinary" clergy. The Abbé's suggestion was poohpoohed. Still, he seems to have spoken from conviction rather than out of any sentiment of spleen or resentment; for afterwards, when the Revolution came, it made him tempting offers, and even the guarantee of a bishopric. To his credit be it stated, that he remained firm and would not take the schismatic oath. His proposal in regard to the increase of salaries was to be remembered a few months later; for, by promising to equalize matters in this very respect, the Constituent Assembly made many friends among the ordinary clergy—that is, by holding out to them the prospect of an adequate salary, a thing which the dignitaries of their own order had denied them. In the ultimate shipwreck, the little

which was saved to the clergy of France was saved to the working clergy alone. The clergy of the benefices were swept away forever, their dignities abolished, and their property seized.

As Bishop of the diocese of Saintes, La Rochefoucauld made himself beloved. He was a man of piety and kindness. The poor loved him; the young idolized him; and his priests, as a rule, found him impartial and affable. The schools and colleges of the district were his particular care. He manifested no overweening pride of race, although at heart he dearly loved his family. At Crazannes he bought a summer home, which remains unchanged to this day. The room he occupied, the bed he slept in, the path where he used to walk while reading his breviary, are still pointed out. Like his brother, Mgr. de Beauvais, he gave away his large revenue in charitable acts. He loved the peasantry; their simple hearts charmed him; their abundant prattle gave him joy; their piety enhanced his own. On Sundays, during summer-time, it was his custom to welcome them all to the grounds about his chateau; between Mass and Vesper-hour he would have them congregate there for various recreations; "il y organisait lui-même plusieurs jeux de quilles, de boules et autres." After Vespers he would go down among the groups of people and chat familiarly with everyone he met. Then came his carriage for a drive across the meadows, where the people were out taking the air. Children clambered up into the carriage beside him, hung on behind, or tossed themselves in fearlessly, knowing full well that the smiling prelate was only overjoyed to have them happy around him. Here is the tableau:

"Son carrosse attelé, il se rendait dans les prairies où toute la population allait s'ébattre et chercher la fraicheur. Les enfants couraient après la voiture. Les plus hardis l'escaladaient, grimpaient au marche-pied, se cramponnaient partout au grand desespoir du cocher qui ne pouvait plus avancer et se fachait. Le prélat riait de bon cœur, s'amusait de leur agilité et recommendait de bien faire attention a ne leur point faire de mal. Aussitôt qu'il parraissait, vite il était entouré. On lui faisait raconter des histoires."

What a charming picture the language of Louis Audiat has made for us here! Is there anything in the world more innocent than the Sunday recreation of the shepherd in the midst of his dear flock? Marie Vinet, an old woman who died in 1869, at the age of ninety-three, remembered the Bishop from the days of her

girlhood, and she said of him: "Il avait une physiognomie si agréable, si souriante, si belle—he had such a pleasant, smiling, beautiful face."

One day La Rochefoucauld was telling a story to a throng of children near his chateau. In the course of it he was attacked with a fit of sneezing. The boys maintained a respectful silence; but a little madcap in flounces blurted out, "God bless you, Bishop, and make you good and wise!"

"Thanks, dear child," replied the Bishop, "wisdom we must always pray for."[8]

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[8] "Dieu vous bénisse, Monseigneur, et vous rende sage!"—"Merci, cher enfant, il faut demander la sagesse au bon Dieu tout le temps de sa vie."

UNEXPECTED DEATH.

A Chapter on Pastoral Medicine.

I.

UNEXPECTED death is a source of the greatest worry in pastoral work. Sudden death can be anticipated in many diseases, and the sufferer can be prepared for it by the administration of the Sacraments at regular intervals. Unexpected death without the Sacraments is an occasion of the most poignant regret to the friends of the deceased and to the attending clergyman. This is especially the case if even the remotest opportunity for proper preparation has been neglected. It is with the idea of furnishing certain data by which the occurrence of death without anticipation may be rendered more infrequent, that the following medical points on the possibilities of a fatal termination in certain diseases have been brought together.

This paper has been written from the standpoint that it is better to be sure than to be sorry. The impression is, I think, gaining ground that at least the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist should be administered to the sick whenever there is even a possibility of a fatal termination of the illness. As for Extreme Unction, delay in its administration not infrequently leads to its being given when the patient is unable to appreciate its significance. This is very far from the intention of the Church. The idea has been constantly kept in mind so to advise the clergyman as to secure the administration of Extreme Unction while the patient is in the full possession of his senses.

Sure prognosis, that is, positive foresight as to the course of any disease, is the most difficult question in medicine. Nearly 2400 years ago, when Hippocrates wrote his chapter on the prognosis of diseases, he stated that this was the hardest problem in medical practice. That special chapter of his book remains to our day a valuable contribution to medical literature. It can be read with profit by young or old in medical practice. While our knowledge of the course of disease has advanced, the acute old Greek anticipated most of the principles on which our present knowledge of prognosis is founded. This fact in itself will serve to show how incomplete must be any absolute conclusion as to

the termination of any given disease. Our forecasts are founded on empirical data, and the underlying basis of all the phenomena is the individual human being whose constitution it is impossible to know adequately, and whose reaction to disease it is impossible therefore to state with absolute certainty.

With this warning as to the element of doubt that exists in all prognosis we may proceed to the consideration of certain organic affections which make sudden death frequent.

At the beginning of the present century, Bichat, a distinguished French physician who revolutionized medical practice, said that health and the favorable or unfavorable termination of disease depended on the condition of three sets of organs—the brain, the heart, and the lungs. This was what he called the vital tripod. It was not until thirty years after Bichat's death that Bright, an English physician, taught the profession to recognize kidney disease. Since his time we have learned that even more important than Bichat's vital tripod is the condition of the kidneys as regards health and the termination of disease. We shall consider affections of these four organs, and their influence on the human system, and intercurrent disease in the order of their importance.

When kidney disease exists the individual's resistive vitality is very much lowered. The kidneys are the organs which serve to excrete poisons that find their way into the circulation. When the kidneys fail to act, these poisons are retained. As a result other important organs, notably the nervous system and the heart, suffer severely because of the irritating effect of the retained poison. A patient with kidney disease runs a very serious risk in any infectious fever, no matter how mild, and such patients should always be completely prepared for a fatal termination when they acquire any of these diseases.

Nephritis patients bear operations very badly. The shock to the nervous system incident upon operation always throws a certain amount more than usual of excrementitious material into the circulation. Diseased kidneys do not fulfil their function of removing this at once, and the result is an irritated and fatigued nervous system. Anæsthetics, that is chloroform and ether, are not well tolerated when nephritis exists, and this adds to the

danger of operation in such patients. No matter how simple or short the operation that is to be performed on a person suffering from kidney disease, if an anæsthetic is to be administered it would be well to prepare the patient for any untoward event that may occur.

Kidney disease is often extremely insidious. It may develop absolutely without the patient's knowledge, even though he might be deemed to be in a position to have at least some suspicion of its existence. The story is told of more than one professor of medicine who has presented his own urine to his class for examination in order that they might have the opportunity of studying normal urine, only to find to his painful surprise that albumen was present and that he was the subject of latent Bright's disease. In these cases it is impossible to foresee results. They constitute a large number of the cases in which patients seemingly in good health succumb rather easily and unexpectedly to some simple disease, like grippe or dysentery. It is well to take the precaution then to ask the attending physician, especially if he be not a Catholic, what the condition of the kidneys is in such cases. If there are anomalous symptoms, this precaution becomes doubly necessary. Even such simple infectious diseases as mumps or chicken-pox may cause a fatal issue where the kidneys are not ready to do their normal work of excretion.

An important class of cases for the clergyman are those which are picked up on the street. As a rule, these cases are comatose, because of the presence of kidney disease. A certain proportion of them are unconscious, because of apoplexy. Very often the patients have had some preliminary symptoms of their approaching collapse, though these were not sufficient to make them think that any serious danger threatened. As a consequence, they will not infrequently have had recourse to some stimulant. It seems unfortunately to be almost a rule when such cases are picked up, if there is the odor of alcohol on their breath, to consider that the condition is due to alcoholism. Every year, in our large cities, some deaths are reported in the cells of the station-houses, because a serious illness was mistaken for alcoholism as a result of the odor of the breath.

Patients suffering from kidney disease bear extremes of cold

and heat very badly. In cold weather, the fact that the blood is driven from the surface of the body lessens the excretory function of the skin, and this throws the work of this important organ, so helpful an auxiliary in excretion, back upon the kidneys. In summer, intense heat leads to many more changes in the tissues and so provides more material to be excreted than in temperate weather. Patients picked up on the street then at such time will usually be found to be suffering from kidney disease. Though in profound coma, such patients seldom die without recovering consciousness. Not infrequently, after the primary stroke of the coma, there is, in an hour or two, a period in which the patient becomes almost completely rational.

There is a well-known tendency in kidney disease to the production of œdema, that is, to the outflow of the watery constituents of the blood into certain loose tissues of the body. This is easily recognized, and constitutes a valuable sign of kidney disease in the swelling of the eyelids and of the feet, that occurs so often in patients suffering from kidney trouble. The usual rule is, if the œdema begins in the face, it is due to the kidneys; if in the feet, to the heart. The cause in the latter case is the sluggish circulation due to the weakness of the heart-muscle, which delays the blood so long in the extremities that its watery elements find their way out into the tissues. In kidney disease this tendency to œdema constitutes a distinct danger that may involve sudden death in certain affections. In patients suffering from kidney disease, any acute sore throat involving the larynx and causing hoarseness may be followed by what is called œdema of the glottis. This is often fatal in a very short time. The glottis is the opening between the vocal cords through which respiration is carried on. This opening is but small, and swelling of the surrounding tissues readily encroaches upon it, and soon causes difficulty of breathing. If the swelling is not soon relieved, death takes place from asphyxiation. In almost the same way any acute affection of the lungs that occurs in a patient suffering from kidney disease may be followed by œdema of the lungs. The outflow of serum from the blood-vessels into the loose tissue of the lungs so encroaches upon the space available for breathing and at the same time so reduces the elasticity of lung-tissue that respira-

tion becomes impossible, and death takes place in a few hours. This is often the cause of unexpected death after operations. The kidney affection in the patient is so slight as to have been unsuspected, or to have been considered of not sufficient importance to render the operation especially dangerous.

After kidney disease the most important factor in the production of unexpected death is heart disease. In about sixty per cent. of the patients who die suddenly in the midst of seemingly good health, death is due to heart disease. All forms of heart disease may be considered under two heads—the congenital and the acquired. The congenital form of heart disease usually causes death in early years. Where patients survive the fourth or fifth year they are usually carried off by some slight intercurrent disease shortly after puberty. A few cases of congenital heart disease, however, live on to a good old age and seem not to be seriously inconvenienced by their heart trouble. Most of the acquired heart disease, that is, at least sixty-five per cent. of it, is due to rheumatism. All of the infectious fevers, however, may cause heart disease; and scarlet fever especially is prone to do so, heart complications occurring in about one out of every ten cases. The probabilities of sudden death in a case of heart disease depend on what valve is affected and what the condition of the heart muscle is. Most of the cases of sudden death occur in disease of the aortic valves, that is, of the valves that prevent the blood from flowing back out of the general circulation into the heart after it has been pumped out. Diseases of the other side of the heart, the mitral valve, cause lingering illness until the heart muscle becomes diseased, when sudden death usually closes the scene.

Diseases of the aortic valves of the heart cause visible pulsation of the arteries, especially of those of the neck. This readily attracts attention if one is on the lookout for it. Deaths in heart disease, whether sudden or in the midst of apparent health, or as the terminal stage after confinement to bed because of weak heart, are apt to occur particularly during continued cold or hot spells. Each of the blizzards that we have had in recent years has been the occasion for a markedly increased mortality in all forms of heart disease. The cold itself is exhaustive, and the heavy fall of snow, by delaying cars and modes of conveyance generally, is

very apt to give occasion for considerable more exertion than usual. Besides, cold closes up the peripheral capillaries and makes the pumping work of the heart much harder than before. At times of continued cold, in our large cities particularly, the ordinary arrangements for heating the house fail to keep it at a constant temperature, and this proves a source of exhaustion to cardiac patients.

Heated spells, if prolonged, always cause an increased mortality in such patients, because heat is relaxant and this leads to exhaustion. Patients who have been nursed faithfully through a severe winter will sometimes succumb to the first few successive days of hot weather that are so apt to come at the end of May or the beginning of June. The deaths that occur during the hot spells of July and August are more looked for and so prove not so unexpected.

The warning symptom in heart disease that the heart is giving out, is the development of irregularity and the rapidity of the pulse. On the other hand, when a pulse has been running rapidly for weeks and then drops to below the regular rate, to 50 or 60, a fatal termination may be looked for at almost any time, though, of course, the patient may rally. The prognosis of heart cases is extremely difficult. Confined to bed and evidently seriously ill, they may continue in reasonably good condition for months, and then some indiscretion in diet that causes a dilatation of the stomach with gas, pushes the diaphragm up against the heart, adds a mechanical impediment to the physical difficulties the heart is already laboring under, and a sudden termination may ensue. As a rule, lingering heart cases terminate suddenly and often with little warning of the approach of death.

A very interesting set of heart symptoms for the physician as well as the clergyman are those which occur in what is called angina pectoris, heart pang, or heart anguish. Serious angina pectoris occurs in elderly people whose arteries are degenerate. Its main symptom is a feeling of discomfort which develops in the precordia—the region over the heart. This discomfort may often increase to positive cutting pain. The pain is often referred to the shoulder and runs down the left arm. This set of symp-

toms is accompanied by an intense sense of impending death. When the patient's arteries are degenerated this train of symptoms must always be considered of ominous significance. Heberden, an English physician, a little over a century ago pointed out that there existed in these cases a degeneration of the coronary arteries. These are the arteries which supply the heart itself with blood. As might naturally be expected, their degeneration seriously impairs the function of the heart muscle. The first patient in whom the condition was diagnosed during life was the distinguished anatomist, John Hunter. Hunter was of a rather irascible temperament, and after he had had several of these attacks and consultation with Heberden convinced him of their significance, he is said to have remarked, "I am at the mercy of any villain who rouses my temper." Sure enough, Hunter died in a sudden fit of anger within the year after making the remark. Charcot, the distinguished neurologist, suffered from attacks of angina pectoris, and was asked by his family to consult a distinguished heart specialist for them. He said: "Either I have degenerated heart arteries, or I have not. I believe that I have not, and that my attacks are due to a nervous condition of my heart. If I should consult the physician you mention and he were to tell me that my attacks are due to degeneration of the heart, he would advise my giving up work. That I am not ready to do, and so I prefer to take my own assurance in the matter." A few years later he was found one morning dead in bed. In many of the cases of death in bed, especially where some complaint of pain has been heard during the night, death is due to angina pectoris.

There is a similar condition to angina pectoris, sometimes called pseudo-angina, or false heart pang, which occurs in individuals from fifteen to thirty years of age. It is often a source of great worry. It occurs in young persons of a nervous temperament who have been overworked or overworried, and have run down in weight. There are always accompanying signs of gastric disturbance. The causal factor of the symptoms seems to be a more or less sudden dilatation of the stomach with gas. As the stomach lies just below the heart, only separated from it by the comparatively thin layer of diaphragm, the heart is pushed up

and its action interfered with. In healthy individuals, this causes no more than a passing sense of discomfort and some heart palpitation. This it is which sends so many young patients to physicians with the persuasion that they have heart disease when they have nothing more than indigestion. In nervous individuals, however, this interference with the heart action disturbs the nervous mechanism of the heart, which is very intricate and delicate, and gives rise to the symptoms of false "heart pang." One of these symptoms is always, as in true angina pectoris, an impending sense of death. This cannot be shaken off and is not merely an imagination of the patient. Pseudo-angina is, however, not a dangerous affection. Patients can usually be assured that there is no danger of death. This assurance is not absolute, however. For some of these cases have congenital defects of their coronary arteries and of the nervous system of the heart itself, which make them liable to sudden death. It is sometimes impossible to differentiate such cases of organic heart defects from the ordinary functional heart disturbance due to indigestion which causes simple curable pseudo-angina. Young patients may usually be disabused of their nervousness in the matter, but absolute assurance cannot be given until the case has been under observation for some time.

After the heart the head is the most important factor in sudden death. The most frequent form of death from intracranial causes is apoplexy. Apoplexy, as the name indicates—a breaking out, is due to a rupture of one of the arteries of the brain and a consequent flowing out of blood into the brain tissue. The presence of the exuded blood causes pressure upon important nerve tracts and so gives rise to unconsciousness, to paralysis, and to the other symptoms which are noted in apoplexy. There are a number of symptoms that act as warnings of the approach of apoplexy. First, it occurs only in the old, that is, in individuals over fifty, and in these only where there is marked degeneration of arteries. The degeneration of the arteries can be easily noted, as a rule, in other parts of the body. The condition known as arterio-sclerosis, that is arterial hardening, can be detected by the finger at the wrist, or by the eye in the branch of the temporal artery which can so frequently be seen to take its sinuous

course on the forehead behind and above the eye. At the wrist the thickened artery is felt as a cord that can be rolled under the finger. It is not straight as in health, but is tortuous, because the overgrowth in the walls which makes it thick has also made it longer than normal, thus producing tortuosity.

Besides these objective signs, as they are called, there are certain subjective signs, that is, signs easily recognizable by the patient himself, which should put him on his guard, and at the same time serve as a warning to the clergyman, should he hear of their presence. These signs are recurring dizziness, or vertigo, not clearly associated with gastric disturbance; tendency of the limbs, and especially the fingers and toes, to go to sleep easily and when there is no external cause for this condition; tendency to faintness and to dizziness when the patient rises in the morning, especially if he assumes the erect position suddenly; tendency to vertigo when the patient stoops, as to tie a shoe, or pick up something from the floor, and the like; finally, certain changes in the patient's disposition, with a loss of memory for things that are recent, though the memory may be retained for the happenings of years before. When many of these symptoms occur, patients should take warning of the fact that they are liable at any time to have a stroke. There may even occasionally be slight losses of power in the hand or foot that points to the occurrence of small hemorrhages in the brain, *i. e.* slight preliminary "strokes."

Patients who have had these symptoms should not as a rule be allowed to leave home unattended. If the apoplexy occurs in the street they are liable to be mishandled by those ignorant of their true condition. The clergyman is usually summoned at once in these cases and may reach the stricken individul before the physician. Some words then with regard to the treatment of such patients will not be out of place. As a rule, when a patient is taken with some sudden illness which causes him to fall down unconscious, the first thing done is to dash water in hisface, force a stimulant down his throat, put his head low down, and loosen the clothing around his neck. Most of these proceedings are the very worst things that could be done for a patient suffering from apoplexy. The rough handling particularly and the administration of a stimulant will surely do harm. The water on the face will certainly do no good.

Apoplectic patients can be recognized from those who are merely in a fainting fit, first by the fact that they are usually old, while the fainters are young; and secondly, by the manner of the breathing. In a faint the breathing is shallow and faint, not easily seen. In apoplexy it is apt to be deep and long. It may be irregular, and it is always accompanied by a blowing outward and inward of the cheeks, and especially of the side of the face which is paralyzed as a consequence of a hemorrhage into the brain. The lips are forced outward and drawn inward during the respiration. In such cases the patient should be moved as little as possible; stimulants should be avoided, and the head should be placed higher than the rest of the body, so as to make the hemorrhage into the brain as small as possible, by calling in the assistance of gravity to keep the heart from sending too much blood into the head. Besides this placing the head high, there is only one other helpful measure that even the physician can practice, except in rare cases, that is to put an ice-bag on the head. For this a cloth, dipped in cool water, may be used in an emergency. Of course, as soon as the doctor arrives, the patient should be left entirely to his care.

The artery that ruptures in the brain, in cases of apoplexy, is practically always the same. Its scientific name is the lenticulo-striate artery, but it is oftener called by the name given it by Charcot—the artery of cerebral hemorrhage. The reason why arteries in the brain rupture rather than arteries in other organs, is that in the brain, in order to avoid the demoralizing effect of too sudden changes of blood-pressure upon the nervous substance, cerebral arteries are terminal, that is, are not connected directly with a net-work of finer arteries as in the rest of the body, but gradually become smaller and smaller, and end in the capillary net-work which is the beginning of the venous vascular system. This special artery ruptures, because it is almost on a direct line from the heart, and so blood-pressure is higher in it than in other brain arteries. The tradition that people with short necks are a little more liable to apoplexy than are those of longer cervical development has a certain amount of truth in it. Another predisposing element to apoplexy is undoubtedly heredity. Families have been traced in which, for five successive generations, there have been attacks of

apoplexy between 55 and 65 years of age. Short-necked people, with any history of apoplexy in the family, should especially be careful, if they have any of the symptoms—dizziness, sleepy fingers, etc., that we have already noted.

There is a tradition that the third stroke of apoplexy is always fatal. I remember seeing in Mendel's clinic in Berlin a man who was suffering from his seventh stroke and promised to recover to have another. Each successive stroke is much more dangerous to life than the preceding one, however. In general, the prognosis of an apoplexy, that is, as far as the ultimate results will be, is impossible. The patient may come to in an hour or two, and may not come out of the coma at all. There is no way of deciding how much blood has been effused into the brain, or how much damage has been done to important nerve-centres. Nor is there any effective way of stopping the effusion, though certain things seem to be of some benefit in this matter. We can only wait, assured that, in most of the cases, the patient will have a return of consciousness at least for a time.

Next to apoplexy injuries of the head are most important. The symptoms presented by the patient will often be nearly the same as those of apoplexy. If the skull is fractured, and the depressed bone is exerting pressure upon the brain-substance, there is a similar state of affairs to that which exists in apoplexy. Any return to consiousness must be taken advantage of for the administration of the sacraments. As a rule, it is impossible to tell the extent of the injury, or to forecast the ultimate result.

A very characteristic set of symptoms develops sometimes after injuries in the temporal region, or just above it. For an hour or two after the injury, the patient is unconscious. Then he comes to for a while, but relapses into unconsciousness from which he will usually not recover, except after an operation. The explanation of this succession of symptoms is that the primary unconsciousness is due to shock—concussion or shaking up of the brain. The injury has, however, also caused a rupture of an important artery which occurs in one of the membranes of the brain in this region. During the state of shock blood-pressure is low and hemorrhage is not severe. When consciousness is regained, blood-pressure goes up and the laceration of the middle meningeal

artery provides an opening for the exit of considerable blood which clots in this region and presses upon the brain, causing the subsequent unconsciousness. As a rule the patient's only hope is in operation with ligature of the torn arteries. The condition is always very serious and complete precautions as to the possibility of fatal termination should be taken as soon as consciousness is regained after the blow.

Tumors of the brain often produce death, but usually give abundant warning of their presence. The symptoms by which the physician diagnoses the presence of a brain tumor are—vertigo, headache, vomiting, usually some eye trouble, and frequently interference with the motion of some part of the body because of pressure exerted upon the nerve centres which preside over its motions. Brain tumors are especially liable to develop in two classes of cases—in patients who are suffering from tuberculosis in its terminal stages, or from syphilis. Where patients are known to have either of these diseases and present any two of the symptoms of brain tumor that I have mentioned, it is well to suggest at least the preliminary preparation for a fatal termination. Sometimes states of intense persistent pain, or of mental disturbance, develop in these cases and make the administration of the Sacraments unsatisfactory.

Meningitis is a fatal affection which sometimes causes sudden death, but more frequently produces unconsciousness without very much warning, and the unconsciousness lasts until the death of the patient. Meningitis is seen much more frequently in children than in the adult. Ordinarily it is due to tuberculosis. Sometimes, however, there are epidemics of cerebro-spinal meningitis, spotted fever as it used to be called. In about one-half the cases this affection is fatal. Of late years we have learned that the pneumo-coccus, that is, the bacterium which causes pneumonia, may produce a fatal form of meningitis. The first symptom of meningitis is usually a stiffness of the muscles at the back of the neck. If this stiffness becomes very marked in a patient suffering from tuberculosis, or who has, or has recently had pneumonia, or at a time when there is any reason to suspect that epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis exists in a neighborhood, the prognosis of the case is always very serious. Every precaution should be taken to

prepare the patient for the worst. Unconsciousness may ensue at any moment and no opportunity for satisfactory administration of the consolations of religion be afterwards afforded.

While Bichat put the lungs down as one of the vital tripod on which the continuance of life depends, affections of these organs very seldom lead to sudden or unexpected death. Pulmonary affections usually run a very chronic course. Acute bronchitis, however, occurring in a patient with kidney trouble may lead to the development of œdema of the lungs, and death will usually ensue in a few hours. It may be well to note here that individuals who have what is called clubbed fingers, or, as the Germans picturesquely put it, drum-stick fingers, that is, fingers with bulbous ends, the finger beyond the last joint being larger than the preceding part, nearly always have some chronic affection within the thorax. This means that there is some organic affection of the heart or lungs which has lasted for many years. The existence of such a condition makes them distinctly more vulnerable to any serious intercurrent disease, and this sign alone may be enough to put the attending physician or clergyman on his guard as to the possibility of fatal complications in the case.

Besides these general conditions that have their effect upon intercurrent disease, certain specific diseases deserve to be mentioned because of the doubt as to the ultimate prognosis in them. These will be taken up in a subsequent article.

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THE IRISH REVIVAL OF TO-DAY AND THE CLERGY.

'Sinam tine a teanga'

"A NATION'S language is its soul." This principle has been grasped and realized keenly all over Europe during the last hundred years. Hungary, Bohemia, Finland, Belgium, Wales, inspired by it, have saved their several languages from death, and so have preserved themselves from complete absorption by their powerful neighbors. Their national characteristics have, therefore, remained intact, and their subsequent history is a

record of progress such as always attends self-reliance, originality, and mental independence.

Thus the language movement in Ireland is something wider and deeper and richer in promise for the future than philology or antiquarianism. It is a national movement in the fullest sense. Its aim is to restore, to concentrate, and to discipline the vital forces of a weak and wounded nation. These things will have been accomplished when there is a strong Irish tone and coloring upon all our thoughts and feelings and actions; when we are genuine Irishmen after the pattern of those who went before us for thousands of years. In the Irish soul of to-day there are latent energies, vague movements, rudimentary instincts that need but the breath and the whisper of our fathers to rouse them once more to the heights and vigor and full sweep of national life. Our thirsty soil has need to be fertilized by the seed-bearing winds and the genial showers of national tradition. But national traditions can exist nowhere save in the national language. So the argument runs. Let us look into it more narrowly.

The best translation is but a poor imitation of a great original. This is so because literary masterpieces are always personal, idiosyncratic, characteristic of the nation and the soil from which they spring. Much more so are all those manifold notions, ideals, associations, suggestions, points of view; all that homely wisdom and hereditary love, song, proverb, tale, that make up a nation's traditions, the staple of its mental life for many centuries. From father to son, from generation to generation, those old things have been coming down, hallowed by the fireside where the child learns at its mother's knee, insinuating themselves into the secret places in men's hearts, energizing there where thoughts and feeling unconsciously begin to be, softly and tenderly yet withal strongly and closely twining themselves round the nation's heartstrings, bearing kingly sway over every department of national effort. They enter into men's nature and become part of it; they work upon it as nature does, secretly and silently. He is a rare philosopher who duly appreciates the influence of national tradition. Ordinarily men do not advert to it, because it is a healthy and therefore unconscious condition appointed by nature herself. National tradition alone attunes men to the appeal of the patriot orator, and urges them to death on the battlefield when the hireling turns

and flees. Traditions form the abiding soul of the nation; and you cannot separate them from the home they have built for themselves through all those centuries, from the language which is their flesh and blood, that has grown and thriven and become fair and strong as they themselves have grown.

We wish to preserve our national continuity. Our reasons are sound and practical; the deepest, too, perhaps that social science knows. Sociologists have lately risen to the concept of a nation as a living organism whose existence is a continuous series and plexus of vital processes that are rigidly conditioned by natural laws. In all living organisms healthy growth and development can come only from within, from the mysterious energies of the vital principle itself. Foreign growths blight and ruin, as parasites do. National intelligence, national character, the treasured wisdom of the centuries, these at any period form the motive force and the guiding light of national progress. They must have their roots in the past if the nation is to rely upon them for the present and the future. The experiences, the discoveries, the successes and failures, the mistakes and trials and misfortunes of the past living in memory form the storehouse of wisdom for the time to come. The point need scarcely be labored. Natural progress is impossible unless the present and future be a rational and a natural continuation of the past. History has proved this over and over again. The influences in question are so subtle and so manifold that it is impossible to study their operation with exactness. For a similar reason one finds it hard to set out in detail how an American differs from an Englishman, and a Frenchman or a Spaniard from either. Let us look at Ireland as a concrete example.

In the eighteenth century, after penal laws, burnings, confiscations, wars and slaughters, Irish Ireland was, externally regarded, poor and ragged and lowly enough. And yet never were the Irish more intensely patriotic. The world can scarcely show anything more passionate, more vehement and fiery than the patriotic songs of the Munster and Connacht bards. The French and American Revolutions came along to terrify the foreign rulers, and a liberal policy towards the Catholics was adopted. Maynooth was founded; Emancipation was promised; Protestant squires allowed the Catholic clergy to dine at their tables and to take part in their

social reunions. The course of events in France threw a cloud of suspicion over everything that savored of patriotism. Order, decency, wealth, power, were associated with England and things English. The Anglo-Irish aristocracy of Cromwell and William of Orange loomed up large in the public eye, the acme of polish and refinement. Thus Irishmen came to look to an English source for everything good and noble and worthy. This was especially true of such Irishmen as had been partially educated after an English fashion. Emancipation and the Veto were influential in the same direction. On the other hand, though hatred gave way in the English mind to contemptuous pity, it was still the received notion that nothing good could come from Ireland; that nothing Irish could be good and noble; that Ireland was poor because she was Catholic and Irish, instead of being Protestant and English. This English theory that Irishmen have had a double dose of original sin, had been diligently elaborated and taught from the days of Barry and Spenser. Gradually Irishmen themselves began to give credit to it and to think there was no salvation for them, except in the saving waters of English civilization. But you must make room for those blessings—you must clear out the Irish rubbish before you can take in the English gold. So the Irish language must go.

How was the Irish language banished? A teacher in the West of Ireland gave a vivid account of the process when she said: "You must wring the Irish out of the children as you wring water out of a wet rag." Teachers with no Irish; children without English; of course there was no teaching, no mutual contact of mind with mind between pupil and teacher. The child was severely punished if he spoke a word of the only language he understood; he got not a single crumb of mental nourishment; the vital energies of his eager young mind were never stirred or appealed to; rather they were stunted and sterilized as completely as man can spoil the work of nature. They left the schools stupid, ignorant, morose, and silent, knowing neither Irish nor English, but using instead the curious jargon of the stage Irishman, the most barbarous jargon perhaps ever used by man. It was not in the Government schools alone that this grotesque barbarity went on; it held equal sway in the humble hedge school. The glitter and tinsel of wealth led all astray;

wealth, power, enlightenment—all belonged to the foreign colony who spoke English. So the priests preached fine English to congregations that understood perhaps a word here and there, and the schoolmaster plied his curious trade—the manufacture of human parrots. Both phenomena can be witnessed here and there in remote parts of Ireland to the present hour. This is how we lost Irish. It is easy enough to understand our ignorance and illiteracy, the appalling leakage in faith and morals among the Irish in America and Australia.

Indeed it is plain with a grim plainness that we did not break with our past with impunity. The Nemesis is in the track of the Irish pariah wherever he finds a home. We despised and ridiculed our fathers at the bidding of the foreigner; the curse of Cham has fallen upon us swift and dire. Hewers of wood and drawers of water to the nations of the earth—such is the result of our endeavor to become English, and to cease to be Irish. To tear a plant up from the roots is not the way to make it grow. Nature's own kindly old way is going to get another chance, please God.

We might put the above considerations in another and perhaps more intelligible shape. Commercial success is rooted in certain natural characteristics, the principal of which are self-reliance, enterprise, and alertness — the Scotch "guid conceit o' onesel'," the qualities in virtue of which Americans are "go-ahead," and "wide-awake." We have seen what training in self-respect we got. Elaborate refutation of calumny will not heal the wound in character that makes men cowering slaves. Nor will abstract preaching about courage and self-respect do it. One thing will do it, and one thing only, the key by which we may open to ourselves the mystery of our character and our destiny, the spirit that will put us in sympathetic touch with our fathers, their own spirit that lives in their language. When we are Irish we shall have their insight into realities, and the shams and make-shifts of a century will dissolve away and vanish before native criticism. Already we have begun to see with our own eyes, and shams are daily disappearing. Nature bids us be Irish, and we obey, and at all risks. We take unto ourselves our national inheritance with an instinctive appreciation of its worth and its power to make us men instead of servile imitators of other men.

We lost self-respect when we lost respect for our nationhood and ancestry. What self-respect is there in Teige O'Mahony who becomes Thaddeus Mahoni, who is a Freemason and goes to the Protestant Church, and is in hourly dread lest his Irish parentage be found out? Among the Irish at home and abroad there prevails a slavish notion that nothing Irish succeeds or deserves success. Hence their indecent haste and solicitude to hide everything Irish under a foreign disguise—name, accent, opinions, religion. Priests in America and Australia have been telling us this for a good while, and we see and feel it keenly among ourselves. This cowering shame of race has crushed and crippled Irish industry. We import everything now, even our light amusements and recreations. The average Irishman till very lately would rather deal with a Hottentot than a fellow Irishman in business or trade. The process that goes by the name of education here is regulated by an autocratic, irresponsible Board composed mainly of foreigners from Trinity College, Dublin. Recently one of these persons said in public that our ancestors were naked savages until Henry VIII and Cromwell put clothes on them; another, that our language, the oldest and grandest in Europe, except Greek, was an uncouth jargon; while still a third, an Englishman, went so far as to say that our native literature was so silly, so brutally indecent, that only men of tried virtue could be allowed to touch it. Most of us thought there might be truth in it all; most of us at all events felt flattered to see those profound and accomplished scholars troubling about us at all. And we leave our children under their tender care. We leave it to the son of a Protestant minister to save the traditional piety of our fathers of the penal days—prayers, ejaculations, hymns, salutations, legends—from utter ruin. We smile as at a harmless fool when we see him diligently noting down from the lips of the poor by the wayside, in the cabin or the workhouse, the sacred traditions that have come down from the time when this island was the cradle of saints. That is how we stand as regards self-respect.

Again there is the emigration problem. Why are they going at the rate of thousands a month? They are not poor as they were formerly. When they were poor they found it hard to part

from home and kindred. Now they often go without a tear. The truth is, since we ceased to a large extent to be Irish, this island has ceased to be interesting to us, or worth living in. It is hard for one who has not had personal experience of it to realize the intense dulness and stupor of country life in Ireland since we lost our language. No music or song, no poems or tales, no games or dances—how can young people stay in such a country? Occasionally they return to see the old place; but soon they flee as if from a pestilence, and bitterly do they rue the day they came back if they are not able to go again. It used not to be so. In the worst home while we were Irish we were comparatively happy. Foreigners who visited this country during the eighteenth century were astonished at the variety of interesting things that lent a charm to the lives of the poor—our fathers. They sang and played, and danced and laughed; they had a Burns or two in every parish, and the days flew merrily by, even though the landlord stood threatening at the cabin door. They copied old MS. poems and tales for the delight and instruction, in our day, of the scholars of the world; they read and enjoyed those things; they performed, sang, enjoyed music, a faint echo of which made Tom Moore famous. In sober truth they attained and maintained in their rags and poverty a high state of civilization. They were kindly and generous and hospitable, and it was a bitter thing to part from them. We threw away all because our boorish masters said that being Irish they were savage and vulgar. We must get them back for about the same reason—being Irish, they are natural, congenial, helpful to us. Nothing has taken their place, and nothing can take their place till the last Irishman is gone.

So far the movement would seem to be simply naturalistic or mundane. And yet he would be but a short-sighted and shallow critic who would say that it possessed no interest for the Irish priest. Viewed as an Irishman the priest has as deep an interest in his country's welfare as any other Irishman. Viewed as an Irish priest he owes to his country what the Church owes to the world—the grace of God. Perhaps in strictness this is all he does owe to his country—but it is, and it implies a good deal. The Church not only sanctified the world; she also civilized it.

Historians and philosophers outside her fold see in her the great civilizing force of history. This remarkable fact can be explained in two ways: first, that grace itself works through nature which it elevates and makes perfect; and, secondly, that our Divine Redeemer preached and practised and sent His disciples and founded His Church to preach and to practise the corporal as well as the spiritual works of mercy. I need not dwell on the services which the Church has rendered to art and science, to literature and education, to industry and economics, and the social wellbeing and progress of the nations. Nor need I point out how nobly the priests of Ireland did their own share here in this island in former days. The example is before our priests to-day, and they are not slow to profit by it. They are in the forefront in the present revival, from the Cardinal and the Archbishop of Dublin downwards.

But in this revival there is an aspect and a phase which has a peculiar interest for our clergy. When Ireland was purely and simply Irish, Ireland was holy. According as she ceased to be Irish her religion, her faith, and her morals waned and decayed. Our language was charged with an intense religious life that could not tolerate a scoffer or a libertine. It is a plain fact that anyone can verify for himself. On the other hand, two of the most notable converts of our time—Cardinal Newman in England, and Dr. Kent Stone in America—have borne testimony as to the influence and the force of the English language as against Catholicity. Our priests have noted the contrast. Faith and chivalry, spirituality and ideality, and purity—these are characteristics of the Irish mind formed and moulded by the tongue of heroes and saints. These are things that a priest values in his people. They have a charm, too, for literary men of the better sort, even those who are not Catholics; and, therefore, we find such names as Hyde, Yeats, O'Grady, Rolliston, in the van of the movement. The priest values these things because they are holy and supernatural and lead to God; the poet loves and reveres them because they are the fairest flowers in God's fair world.

Even the purely natural side of our national character as depicted in our old epics and sagas presented a noble type of manhood. Seldom were nature and grace so peacefully, so thoroughly

wedded together as when Patrick preached to the men of Erin. The soil was kindly and genial, and the Gospel seed could not fail to bear fruit. Even in pagan days generosity and self-sacrifice, chastity and faithfulness, literary and artistic skill, reverence for religion, letters, and law, were prominent characteristics. St. Patrick found little to root up and to blot out. His work was almost wholly positive and constructive—to sanctify the endowments of our fathers and to dedicate them to the service of God. To St. Columba, however, patron of poetry and music, the special glory belongs of supernaturalizing the talents of the Gael. The influence of our priests is needed nowadays also to direct heavenwards our resurgent vitality. It may be needed, too, in a negative way to preserve us from a blighting naturalism. There may be good men in the movement, who, being non-Catholic, look to pagan times for an ideal and a supreme inspiration. Symptoms of this tendency are not far to seek. But in either way, positive or negative, the soul of our martyred fathers that lives in the holy language of their sighs and prayers will prove a powerful aid. We look to God and to the saints of Erin for a blessing in the holy work. We like to think that it may please Him to give our country the mission and the glory she had among the nations in other days. As He wills, so let it be! He helps those who help themselves, who trade with the special talents He gave to them, and gain the other five.

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MONEY INTEREST AND PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

SOME concern has been manifested recently about the tendency of the clergy to drift into the popular current of financial speculation. There are ecclesiastical laws forbidding clerics to enter upon certain commercial transactions promising uncertain gains; and there are pontifical and conciliar decrees limiting the rates of interest to be received upon loans. The existence of these laws and decrees at one time gave rise to the absurd extreme which held that all taking of interest is contrary to the teaching of Catholic moralists, and that, since Popes had spoken on the subject, it involved the question of infallibility.

It would seem needless to return to the refutation of such a charge in these days, were it not for such statements as that of Lecky, that "the loan of money was [according to the Church] an illicit way of acquiring wealth,"[1] being repeated as a proof of the inconsistency of the Catholic Church, in view of its countenancing just and safe investments for the propagation of its civilizing mission. "The strongest historical evidence against the infallibillity of the Pope is the fact that the taking of interest for loans of money has been condemned by many Popes;"[2] and, "Another complete transformation [in Catholic doctrine] is that which has taken place in regard to the lawfulness of taking interest for [loans of] money"[3]—are only restatements of the old prejudices which must be answered periodically to save the honest-minded from misconceptions regarding the authoritative Catholic doctrine.

It is my purpose, therefore, to show that there is no evidence to prove that (*a*) the Bishops of the universal Church with the Roman Pontiff ever taught that all interest is unlawful; (*b*) that no General Council ever condemned the practice of taking moderate interest for loans; (*c*) that no Pope, teaching *ex cathedra*, ever condemned the practice of legitimate interest; (*d*) that the Popes during seven centuries have all implicitly approved the taking of moderate interest.

To avoid all misapprehension in my argument let me premise a brief definition of terms.

Interest is a premium demanded for money lent. Interest may be moderate or exorbitant. Moderate interest is that which is regulated by civil law and the rate of which seldom exceeds 10 per cent. per annum. Exorbitant interest is that which is demanded for money lent at a rate which exceeds law and equity, such as interest at 20 and 30 per cent. Whatever may have been the meaning of usury in the past, there is, at present, a well defined difference of meaning attached to the terms usury and interest. We would, at present, no more speak of justifiable usury than we would speak of justifiable robbery. Usury means,

[1] *History of Rationalism*, Vol. II, Ch. VI.

[2] *Outlook*, November 24, 1900, "Notes and Queries."

[3] *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1900, "Continuity of Catholicism."

to-day, exorbitant interest. This, too, was the meaning of usury in the earlier ecclesiastical legislation. From the twelfth century onwards, when Catholic moralists began to discuss the question of moderate interest, usury acquired two secondary meanings: the taking of interest for the loan of a thing which was in itself unproductive, when no recognized extrinsic title was present; and the taking of interest because of mere loan, even though the thing lent might be productive. "We condemn serious and excessive interest which in a short time exhausts resources."[4] "That is usury, when from a thing which is uproductive, increase is demanded without extrinsic title."[5] "The sin of usury consists in this, that from the loan itself, without extrinsic title, any one contends that something beyond the principal is due him."[6]

Infallibility is a supernatural prerogative, by which the divinely constituted teachers of the Christian Church are preserved from error in believing and in declaring Christian truth. According to Catholic belief, the doctrine of Christ, as known from Apostolic tradition and from Sacred Scripture, is to be found, without admixture of error, (*a*) in the belief of the Universal Episcopate united with the Pope; (*b*) in the infallible decrees of the General Councils of the Church; (*c*) in the evident *ex cathedra* decrees of Roman Pontiffs.

Bishops Believing and Moderate Interest.

There is no evidence to show that the Universal Episcopate with the Pope ever believed that moderate interest is unlawful. The strongest case that may be made against the "Church believing," in the matter of interest, is that which may be adduced from the testimonies of the early Fathers of the Church, many of whom were bishops. The Fathers who have condemned interest are Tertullian (240), St. Cyprian (258), Lactantius (330), St. Basil (379), St. Ambrose (397), St. Chrysostom (407), St. Jerome (420), St. Augustine (430), Theodoret (458). The interest condemned by these Fathers was exorbitant interest demanded chiefly from the poor. The early Church became heir to the money-lending

[4] Fourth Council of the Lateran (1215).
[5] Fifth Council of the Lateran (1515).
[6] Benedict XIV (1758). Encyclical—*Vix pervenit.*

systems of Rome and of Athens. At Rome 12 per cent. per annum was the lowest rate of interest. This legal rate of interest was seldom observed. Horace[7] mentions as a type of money-lender a certain Fufidius, who at the rate of 60 per cent. lent money to prodigal sons with harsh fathers and good expectations. At Athens 18 per cent. per annum was the legal rate of interest. Eighteen per cent. was not anything to the ordinary Greek money-lender. Some of these pests of society demanded an obolus a day for the loan of a drachma, or the almost incredible interest of 9,000 per cent. per annum.[8] "This is the inhumanity of him (the usurer) that, from the calamities of the poor, he seeks to extract wealth and to collect a fortune."[9] "You, rich, have money that you may help the poor, not that you may oppress him; but under pretense of assisting him you impose a greater calamity (than his poverty) on him."[10] "Which is the more cruel; the one who steals from the rich, or the one who butchers (*trucidat*) the poor with exorbitant interest?"[11] "At the time when the first Christian moralist treated the subject (interest), special circumstances had rendered the rate of interest extremely high and consequently extremely oppressive to the poor."[12]

General Councils and Moderate Interest.

No General Council condemned moderate interest; several councils condemned exorbitant interest. The General Councils which forbade interest, moderate or exorbitant, were the First Council of Nice (325), the Second Council of the Lateran (1139), the Third Council of the Lateran (1179), the Fourth Council of the Lateran (1215), the Second Council of Lyons (1274), and the Council of Vienne (1311). The Council of Nice forbade clerics to engage in the practice of money-lending, where the interest demanded was 50 per cent. The Second Council of the Lateran forbade exorbitant interest. "We condemn the insatiable greed

[7] I. Satires II, 12.
[8] Smith, *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*, "Fenus."
[9] S. Basil, *Hom. in Ps. XIV.*
[10] S. Chrys., *Hom. in S. Matt. C. V.*
[11] St. Aug., *Ep. ad. Maced.*
[12] Lecky, *History of European Morals*, V. I., C. I.

of money-lenders."[13] "Insatiable greed" implies the rate of interest condemned by this Council. The Third Council of the Lateran directed that "manifest usurers be not admitted to Holy Communion."[14] The "usurer," of whom there is question here, is the money-lender who lived forty years after the "insatiable greed of money-lenders had been condemned." It is not difficult to infer what sort of money-lender this was. The Fourth Council of the Lateran (1215) condemned "serious and excessive interest which in a short time exhausts the resources of the (borrower)."[15] The Second Council of Lyons condemned the "whirlpool of usury which swallows up resources."[16] Moderate interest is not an engulfing whirlpool. The Council of Vienne directed that "those who persistently maintained that the practice of usury was not sinful were to he treated as heretics."[17] The usury or interest condemned by this Council was not moderate interest. (1) It is the interest demanded forty years after the "whirlpool of usury" was condemned. (2) During this time moderate interest was recognized as legitimate in ecclesiastical law. The law was not changed because of the legislation of this Council; it remained without any amendment. (3) At this time Catholic moralists taught the lawfulness of moderate interest. They did not change their teaching because of the legislation of this Council; they continued to teach moderate legitimate interest. Is it not absurd to say that all interest was condemned at a general council, and that Catholic canonists and moralists continued to teach that interest was lawful?

Roman Pontiffs and Moderate Interest.

No Pope, by infallible decree, declared all interest unlawful. Besides presiding at a general council, a Pope may teach Christian morals (*a*) when, by himself, he teaches *ex cathedra*; (*b*) when, as pastor of the universal Church, he warns the faithful against some moral error, without pretending to give an infallible deci-

[13] Denzinger, *Enchiridion*, 307.
[14] Lehmkuhl, *Theologia Moralis*, V. I., N. 1098.
[15] Lehmkuhl, *loc. cit.*
[16] Lehmkuhl, *loc. cit.*
[17] Lehmkuhl, *loc. cit.*

sion; (*c*) when, as an ordinary moralist, he states his opinion regarding a particular question. When a Pope teaches morals *ex cathedra*, that is, when, as pastor of the universal Church, he by supreme Apostolic authority declares a certain moral doctrine to be revealed doctrine obligatory on all Christians, his teaching is infallibly true. When a Pope exercises ecclesiastical authority and gives moral direction by an ordinary encyclical or by the reply of a Roman Congregation, his direction, though not infallible, deserves and receives great respect. When a Pope teaches morals as a private moralist, his opinion receives respect according to the evident value of the reasons assigned in favor of the opinion he maintains. The Popes who seem to have condemned interest are Alexander III (1181), Urban III (1187), Sixtus V (1586), Innocent XI (1649), and Benedict XIV (1758). Not one of these Popes condemned all interest; every one of them admitted the lawfulness of moderate interest proportionate to extrinsic titles, danger of loss, or inconvenience experienced, or gain foregone. Furthermore, not one of these Popes pretended to give an infallible decision regarding interest. Their decisions were directly concerned with titles put forward as legitimate titles for interest. Infallible decisions deal with doctrine; they do not deal with reasons of doctrine.

Alexander III and Urban III.

The case submitted to Alexander III was whether a merchant might not sell five pounds (25 dollars) worth of merchandise and demand in payment, after some time, six pounds (30 dollars). The answer was, the merchant might not, unless there was some danger of loss connected with the contract. "Such a one is guilty of sin unless the market price of the merchandise be doubtful."[18] Regarding this decision it may be said: (1) Alexander admitted the lawfulness of moderate interest proportioned to danger of loss ("unless the market price be doubtful"); (2) there is no question of interest for money lent, the article in question being unproductive; (3) the quasi-interest demanded is 20 per cent. for the time of delay, which was certainly not more than a year;

[18] Denz., *Ench.*, 336.

(4) the decision condemns the title of mere delay, not interest of every kind.

Three cases, substantially alike, were submitted to Urban III. One of these cases was, whether a merchant might not charge a much higher price for merchandise if he permitted delay in payment for the article sold. The answer was, "he might not."[19] It may be said of this decision: (1) there is not question of strict interest, the articles sold being unproductive; (2) the quasi-interest is excessive—"qui merces suas longe majori pretio distravit"; (3) the decision refuses to recognize mere delay as a legitimate title to interest; (4) there is question of a practice that might be much abused, especially as the interest of the times was "serious and excessive," condemned soon afterwards in the Fourth Council of the Lateran.

Sixtus V.

Sixtus V did not condemn interest of every kind; he condemned either the triple contract title or, more probably, the abuse of this title. The triple contract was the following: "Titus enters into a contract with Sempronius, a merchant, to whom he hands over 1,000 crowns, out of which (conjoint speculation) he expects to receive as his share 130 crowns profit (with his principal). But fearing lest he lose the (prospective) gain and the principal he surrenders to Sempronius 60 crowns, on condition that no matter what may be the result (of the enterprise) he (Titus) shall receive his principal (and in case of success 70 crowns). Further, believing that a small and certain gain is preferable to a large and uncertain gain, he makes a third contract with Sempronius, that no matter what may be the result of the enterprise, he shall receive from Sempronius 1,000 crowns (principal) and 50 crowns."[20] Let us suppose for the moment that Sixtus condemned this contract. "If any one presumes to enter such contracts in the future, they immediately incur the penalties imposed on manifest usurers."[21] What follows from this prohibition? Is interest of every kind

[19] Denz., *Ench.*, 340.

[20] Benedict XIV. *De Synodo Dioecesana*, l. x., C. 7, N. 2.

[21] Sixtus V. *Detestabilis avaritiae.*

condemned by an infallible decree? Certainly not. (*a*) Sixtus V admitted legitimate interest proportioned to the three ordinary extrinsic titles recognized as legitimate in his time; (*b*) Sixtus condemned merely a title to interest advanced by some moralists as a legitimate title. Besides, it was the abuse of the triple contract which Sixtus condemned. The triple contract title was defended by its author, Azpilcueta (1586). Lessius (1623), Cardinal De Lugo (1660) and the Doctors of Salamanca (1744) defended it. Benedict XIV (1758) refused to condemn it; and it was favorably regarded by St. Ligori (1787). These were not moralists to uphold what had been in reality condemned. Moreover, Lessius tells us that the interest demanded on the triple contract title was sometimes as high as 20 and 30 per cent.[22] Sixtus V prohibited the *abuse* of what was in itself lawful.

Innocent XI.

Innocent XI did not condemn moderate interest. This Pope condemned (*a*) the contract "mohatra" and (*b*) the title of "beneficence." Mohatra was a contract by which a person purchased a certain article on condition (1) of reselling the article to the person from whom it was purchased, and (2) of reselling it for a price less than the first price, no matter what might be the market price of the article at the time of the second sale.[23] Mohatra was ordinary pawnbroking. At present it is one thing to condemn ordinary pawnbroking; it is another to condemn ordinary banking systems; and it was the same in the time of Innocent XI. He condemned the demanding of interest on the plea of "beneficence." "It is not sinful to accept something as due because of beneficence, the sin is when something is demanded as due because of justice."[24] This proposition was condemned by Innocent because beneficence does not of itself imply a monetary obligation, except when there is question of beneficence to the poor. Ordinary money-lenders are not real paupers.

[22] *De Justitia et Jure*, l. ii, C. 25, N. 123.
[23] Denz., *Ench.*, 1057.
[24] Denz., *Ench.*, 1059.

Benedict XIV.

Benedict XIV did not condemn all interest; he condemned the demanding of interest because of the title of mere loan, especially when there was question of lending to the poor. "The sin of usury, which is found chiefly in the contract *loan*, consists in this, that from the loan itself (without extrinsic title) any one contends that something beyond the principal is due to him. It cannot escape any one that in many cases a person is bound (without interest) to help another, for our Lord Himself said: 'Give to him that asketh, and from him who would borrow from you turn not away.'—St. Matt. 5: 42."[25] (*a*) This is not an infallible decision; it is a decision which determines the reason of doctrine rather than the doctrine itself; it is the condemnation of a title put forward by moralists as a legitimate title to interest. (*b*) Benedict admitted extrinsic reasons which justified moderate interest. (*c*) There are many cases when it is unlawful and unjust to accept interest because of mere loan, namely, all cases of extreme necessity. Then the lender is bound in strict justice to assist the borrower. To exact anything for the fulfilment of strict justice is in itself unlawful and unjust. "It cannot escape any one that in *many cases* a person is bound (without interest) to help another."

The Popes of Seven Centuries and Moderate Interest.

From the thirteenth century to the present time moderate interest has been implicitly approved of by all the Popes of this time. Since the thirteenth century Catholic moralists have taught that moderate interest, proportioned to extrinsic titles, is lawful. In the thirteenth century there were recognized three legitimate titles to moderate interest, danger of loss, inconvenience experienced, and gain foregone—*periculum sortis, damnum emergens, lucrum cessans.* Before the thirteenth century there was no question of legitimate interest; because all interest was in reality exorbitant, and it was demanded chiefly from the poor. The thirteenth century witnessed the birth of real commerce and the beginning of the discussion regarding moderate commercial interest.

[25] Encyclical—*Vix pervenit.*

If there has been any transformation of Catholic doctrine regarding moderate interest, the transformation occurred before the thirteenth century. We submit that the decrees of the General Councils of the Church from the fourth to the fourteenth century evidently refer to exorbitant interest. At present we are not concerned with the question of moderate interest without extrinsic title. That question belongs to the ethics of intrinsic interest. We are now dealing with the question of interest and infallibility. The question of title is reason of doctrine. Infallibility does not extend to reason of doctrine. Infallibility is safe, no matter what may have been the decisions regarding titles to legitimate interest.

The results of our inquiry warrant the conclusion that no belief or doctrine of the Church regarding interest, injuriously affects the doctrine of the infallibility of the divinely constituted teachers in the Christian society of supernatural salvation. No belief of the Bishops of the Universal Church with the Roman Pontiff; no teaching of Bishops and Pope assembled in General Council; no *ex cathedra* decision of any Pope, is opposed to the doctrine which maintains the lawfulness of moderate interest. Some Bishops of the early Christian Church condemned the exorbitant interest of their times, especially when interest was demanded chiefly from the poor. The Council of Nice, the Second, Third, and Fourth Councils of the Lateran, the Second Council of Lyons, and the Council of Vienne condemned exorbitant interest. Neither Alexander III, nor Urban III, nor Sixtus V, nor Innocent XI, nor Benedict XIV, condemned moderate interest. Every one of these Popes admitted legitimate moderate interest. The Popes of seven centuries have approved of moderate interest. "It is plain that the loan of money (at exorbitant interest) was an illicit way of acquiring wealth." There has not been any "complete transformation of doctrine regarding interest." Councils have condemned exorbitant interest. No council, no pope, has condemned moderate interest. So far as the question of interest is concerned, the Infallibility of the Pope is "historically" secure.

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LUKE DELMEGE:—PART II. ILLUMINATION.[1]

XXXVI.—A Boast and its Consequences.

IN the cool, gray dusk of his little parlor Luke saw things in a light somewhat different from their gaudy coloring under the gas-jets. The clapping of hands, and the eager faces, and the flattery had passed away; and there remained but the stinging remembrance that for the third or fourth time in his life he had been accused of coquetting with heresy. With his clear-cut ideas on theological matters, he knew right well that this suspicion could not be sustained for a moment; and he was so conscious of his own deep attachment to every jot and tittle of the Church's teachings that he grew by degrees very indignant at the shameful assumption. All the applause and enthusiasm were forgotten. Of the handsome bouquet of praise and adulation offered him a few nights before, alas! there only remained a few withered leaves and the wires that cut his fingers.

"I don't think the game is worth the candle," said Luke to himself. "Let me calculate the matter nicely."

And he wrote down this calculation neatly and in the most approved form of bookkeeping, thus:

Dr.	Cr.
1. A good deal of anxiety and deliberation about lecture, subject, etc.	1. A little flattery.
2. Six weeks' hard work on encyclopædias, books, magazines, etc.	2. A little applause.
3. Three weeks' hard work at writing, correcting, revising thirty pages of manuscript.	3. A good deal of criticism, mostly unjust and unintelligent.
4. Expense of typing same.	4. Accusation of heresy.
5. Expense and inconvenience of journey, hotels, bills, etc.	5. One tiny paragraph in a local newspaper.
6. The nervous fever of lecturing.	6. Oblivion.

Luke totted up, and then proposed, seconded, and passed unanimously the resolution: "The game is *not* worth the candle."

And Luke said to his soul, "Sleep now, and take thy rest!"

[1] *Copyrighted,* 1901, by the American Ecclesiastical Review.

Beaten back, then, and baffled once more, it was a happy thing for him that just now all the flowers of human respect and affection were opening up their beautiful chalices in the warmth and sunshine of his own smile. And the next few years,—the years of perfect manhood and strength, and alas! also of decay, for now his hair began to be streaked with silver and the lines deepened about his mouth,—were very happy, and the mighty enigmas of life became no longer too personal, but only the puzzles of the academy and the porch. His illumination was not perfect, and once again his mighty Master woke him up with the sharp edge of the sword of trial. But these years of middle life were very smooth and peaceful, and the prophecy of Father Martin was well fulfilled. Luke had found his America in Rossmore.

He was helped on in great measure by a new experience. He had noticed, with mixed feelings of pleasure and surprise, that the village children were totally unlike in demeanor and conduct and methods of expression to any children of whom he had hitherto had experience. And it shows how abstracted and wrapped up in his own thoughts he must have been when it was some months before he was aware of the contrast and the originating cause. Then it was suddenly revealed to him that the respectful, subdued attitude of the children, their reverence in church, their brisk politeness and attention to the aged and infirm, were very unlike the rampant and reckless boisterousness of youth. For some time further Luke was either indifferent or unconscious of the cause. Then, one day he came into school at an unexpected time and was surprised to see the children ranged around the wall and holding their arms and heads in different degrees of attention and reverence. The silence was so deep and the absorption of the children so great that Luke's entrance was not noticed, and he heard the master, a grave man of middle years, saying:

"Reverence is the secret of all religion and happiness. Without reverence, there is no faith, nor hope, nor love. Reverence is the motive of each of the Commandments of Sinai—reverence of God, reverence of our neighbor, reverence of ourselves. Humility is founded on it; piety is conserved by it; purity finds in it its shield and buckler. Reverence for God, and all that is associated with Him, His ministers, His temple, His services—that is religion.

Reverence for our neighbor, his goods, his person, his chattels—that is honesty. Reverence for ourselves—clean bodies and pure souls—that is chastity. Satan is Satan, because he is irreverent. There never yet was an infidel, but he was irreverent and a mocker. The jester, and the mime, the loud laugher and the scorner, have no part in the Kingdom. These very attitudes you now assume betoken reverence. They are the symbols of something deeper and higher—"

Here he saw Luke, though the children's eyes did not direct him; and he said, without changing his voice:

"Children, the priest is here!"

The children raised their heads gently, their arms still crossed on their breasts, and bowed towards Luke.

"Now," said the teacher, "you will pass into your desks, and sing

'In the sunshine; in the shadow.'"

The children moved to their places, singing the part song, not loudly, but sweetly; and the master turned towards Luke. A grave, silent man; his attitude, too, betokened reverence. He was a man of middle age; for his pointed beard was streaked with white hairs. He was tall and angular in appearance; but his whole manner was subdued, not with the instinct of fear and watchfulness, but with the gentleness of an urbane and thoughtful spirit. And he was a mystery, which was another attraction to Luke. He had an only daughter, a girl of twenty years or thereabouts, living with him; but his antecedents were known only to Dr. Keatinge, the pastor, who had found him out somewhere, and brought him to Rossmore to take charge of his little school. So much Luke had heard; and then dismissed the subject. It was trivial and commonplace. In his former visits, too, he had seen nothing remarkable, probably because he was too much engrossed with his own reflections. To-day, he was surprised and pleased.

"Where did you find material for that excellent discourse?" said Luke.

"In my own experience, sir," said Mr. Hennessy.

"How have you trained the children so beautifully in the limited time at your disposal?" asked Luke, who knew well the red-tape regulations of the National Board.

"It would be impossible, sir," answered the teacher. "But I supplement the day's teaching at night."

"At night?" said Luke, wonderingly. "I thought night-schools were things of the past?"

"We don't call it *school*," said the teacher. "But, perhaps, sir, you would come up some evening to see what we are doing. It may interest you."

"I shall be delighted," said Luke. "But, do you often speak to the children in the way I have just heard?"

"Yes," said the teacher, though this was supposed to be an assumption of a higher privilege. "I think the moral training of children the most necessary part of education. The National Board provides for the intellectual department; there is the mid-day hour for doctrinal and catechetical instruction. But the training of youth in moral culture must be left to the teacher; and in my humble way, I tried to discharge this duty."

"With your permission I shall come up this evening," said Luke. "At what hour?"

"We hold our litte *soirées*, sir," said the teacher, smiling, "we dignify them by that name, from seven to nine o'clock."

"I shall be there," said Luke. "By the way, how many children on the rolls?"

"Fifty-six," said the teacher.

"How many in attendance?"

"Fifty-six," said the teacher.

In the evening Luke went to the school. It was well lighted; and it looked bright and cheerful to eyes that had just brought in with them the gloom of the night. The desks were unmoved; but the school harmonium was open; and here and there around the room full-blown chrysanthemums threw out their colored blossoms of light fragrance and great loveliness. All the village children were there; the country children alone were absent. The master touched a gong when Luke entered; the children stood up respectfully; and the master's daughter presiding at the harmonium, they sang a pretty glee in part time—a composition of the master's. When they were seated, the master read for them a poem, called *The House of Hate*. The children then took up their lessons for the following day, the master's daughter

moving gently through the desks, and guiding their young hands and minds. Meanwhile Luke and the master were in close conference. The whole system appealed strongly to Luke's sympathies and ideas. Here, at least, was positive, practical work. No note of criticism, or complaint; no theorizing about great political possibilities; no flinging of charges; and above all, and this touched Luke more closely, no fretting with enigmas; but the quiet positivism of work, ennobled only by the motive, and the great possibilities it awakened. And it was quiet, unpretentious work, unacknowledged by the world and unseen—the work of great principle, and a pure, lofty mind.

"Why do you insist so strongly on reverence?" said Luke. "It seems to be the burthen of all your teaching."

"Because I think, sir," replied the master, "that it is the secret of all religion; and therefore of all nobleness."

"And you think it necessary?"

"I think it the first necessity for our race, and for our time."

"Our race?" questioned Luke, with opened eyes.

"Yes, sir. We are always alternating between reverence and irreverence in Ireland. Our literature and language are quite full of sarcasms, as well as of great ideas. And sarcasms about the most sacred things. Great wit and madness are nearly allied. So, too, are great wit and irreligion."

"But now," said Luke, "with all our splendid idealism there can be but little danger?"

"No," said the master, "except that one ideal may supplant and destroy another. All ideals are opposed. At least," he said modestly, "so I have read. Would you kindly say a word to the children, sir?" he said, as the gong again sounded.

"Certainly," said Luke. And he did, generously, warmly, emphatically. It was work, work, with an object. And Luke realized that there was something in life beyond:

> The little soul for the little that holds the corpse, which is man.

At 8 o'clock all work was suspended. And the remaining hour was devoted to the practice of singing, particularly the preparation of Church hymns, etc., varied with the little glees and part songs. Just before 9 o'clock the master read a chapter from

the Gospel of St. John, recited one decade of the Rosary, and the children rose up to depart. The master and his daughter stood near the door. As the children passed the latter, they bowed respectfully. The master took each child by the hand as they passed into the night. There was not the slightest trace of the familiarity that annihilates all reverence.

"I have read something like it somewhere," soliloquized Luke, as he went homewards. "'Moral culture,' 'reverence,' 'attitudes,' where?"

But this school was a perpetual wonder and attraction to him during these years, until at last came the great cross, and behind the cross—the great illumination.

The aged Canon having cast aside all the other subordinate anxieties and interests of life retained but his love for his niece, Barbara Wilson; and his intense and beautiful pride in the prosperity of his parish. This, indeed, was more than justified by the happiness of his people; and the Canon's parish became the great object-lesson to his diocese and country. And great political economists came from afar to see the great Sphinx-problem of Irish contentment solved, once and for ever. Only one held out against the general enthusiasm—one sceptic, Father Cussen.

"You're a horrible Cassandra," said one of his confrères, "if I may apply the term. You are for ever croaking of ruin in the midst of success."

"Time will tell," said Father Cussen.

The Canon's recreation, in his old age, when he rode no longer, and cared little for driving, was to stroll down in the evening to the village post-office, and there watch, with intense gratification, the vast piles of Irish agricultural produce that were about to be sent by parcel post to England. It was a rare and delightful exhibition. Huge canvas bags containing poultry; square boxes full of rich, yellow butter; cans of cream; larger boxes yet, filled with consignments of eggs, each egg nestling in its own dry fresh moss; and even small tin boxes of amber honey—these were the exports that filled the little office to the ceiling, and made Miss Carey, the postmistress, declare, again and again, to the infinite delight of the good Canon, that the Government

should, by sheer force of such gentle circumstances, build a new post-office. One such evening, as the Canon entered the office, he saw a young man, leaning against the counter and chatting with Miss Carey. The conversation clearly was about the vast resources of the parish, for the young man, whom the Canon took to be a groom, for he was dressed in riding suit and flicked his boot with a short whip, was just saying:—

"And you calculate the net profits from this admirable plan should be about—how much a year did you say?"

"The Canon knows better than I," said the postmistress. "He has created the industry." She looked significantly and warningly at the Canon; but the latter took no heed.

"I have carefully—ha—gone into details, sir," he said grandly, "and I have found that, season with season, the net profits of these agricultural—ha—exports average from fifty to eighty pounds a week."

"You quite astonish me," said the groom. "I did not believe that such things were possible outside of Belgium or Normandy."

This might have shown the Canon that his stranger was not a groom; and Miss Carey hummed significantly as she stamped the parcels, and looked at the Canon in a way that would have paralyzed or petrified any one else. But the Canon went on:

"I assure you, sir, he said, "I depreciate rather than—ha—exaggerate our net income from these industries. My parish has been called 'a happy Arcadia' in the midst of the—ha—howling deserts around."

"I'm sure I congratulate you, sir," said the stranger, flicking his boot impatiently with his whip. "'A noble peasantry their country's pride'—is it not so?"

"You have quoted correctly, sir," said the Canon. "The peasantry are the backbone of the country."

"It is really so interesting," said the stranger, taking out a notebook, "and I am so often asked in my—well—travels about the prosperity of the Irish people, that I should be glad to have it, in black and white, from your lips that such an account can be authenticated. I think you said the net income from these industries varies from fifty to eighty pounds a week; that is, from three to four thousand per annum?"

"Precisely so, sir," said the Canon. "And, as I have said already, this is rather under than over the real estimate."

"It is really most interesting," said the stranger. "I'm sure I'm extremely obliged for the information. One favor more. Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"The pastor of this parish, sir," said the Canon, with great dignity. "Canon Maurice Murray."

"Oh, I should have known," said the stranger with great courtesy. "But I have been absent on my travels for some years, and I am quite unacquainted with the interesting place. I have the honor to wish you good evening."

"Good-evening, sir!" said the Canon, bowing the stranger out.

"An extremely interesting gentleman," said he, turning to the postmistress. "What a powerful educational—ha—factor has travelling become!"

Miss Carey did not reply.

"No letter from Austria or Hungary for me?" he asked.

"No, sir!" she replied. It was the hundredth time she had to say no! She almost wept for her aged pastor.

A few days later there was a scene in a certain agent's office in Dublin. The clerks saw an interchange of courtesies between a stranger and their master; heard themselves peremptorily ordered from the office; thought they heard heated language and even profane; and one said he heard the swish of a riding whip and a heavy scuffle and a fall. But, no, they were mistaken. For Captain Vermont and his agent were, like Mr. Kipling's canonized saints—"gentlemen, every one."

But, when the clerks were ordered back to the office, the agent was gone; and there only remained the stranger, who was dressed very like a groom. And he was very pale and trembling with excitement.

"Which of you is head-clerk here?" he said, turning round.

"I," said a young Scotchman. "Henry Simpson."

"Well, Simpson, you take charge here, until I appoint another agent. I am Captain Vermont. And when you are sending out notices for rent on my estates in Limerick and Kerry—when is next rent due?"

"The twenty-ninth of September," said Simpson.

"Well, stop that reduction of 25 per cent., and call in all arrears. And, mark you, all of you, no more—nonsense. By G— I won't stand it." And Captain Vermont departed.

And so, over happy Arcady, the model parish of Lough and Ardavine, the shadow fell—the shadow long threatened, but never feared. For had they not their mighty Sampson, patriarch and king? and was it not a tradition in the parish, that landlords and agents scurried about and looked for rat-holes to hide them from the terrors of his face? He was indignant. The old, lecnine spirit woke within him, when he found his people in danger. At first he laughed the threats of the agent's office to scorn. Call in arrears! Nonsense! They dare not do it. But, when the rumble of the smooth mechanism of British law began to be heard afar off, and writs came to be served on two or three of the principal parishioners, the Canon saw that business was meant. He called his people together, and told them he was going to Dublin to settle the matter without further ado. They gave a mighty cheer; and felt the battle was won. Father Cussen was silent. He called his league together; and bound them solemnly to stand firmly shoulder to shoulder. He then demanded their receipts from the rent office. They brought the grimy bundles—yellow, stained, rumpled, torn. He examined them closely. Quite so! The very thing he expected.

"Did you pay your March rent?" he said to one of the farmers.

"To be sure I did, yer reverence," he replied.

"Did you get a receipt in full?" he asked.

"To be sure I did," the farmer replied. "There 'tis in your hand, yer reverence."

"This can't be the receipt," said Father Cussen. "It is dated five years back."

"'Tis the last resate I got," said the farmer, thoroughly frightened.

"Quite so. And you see there are due five years' arrears, amounting to over £260."

Father Cussen examined all the other receipts. One by one was antedated, thus certifying to arrears due.

The fire that burned so hotly in the aged Canon's breast on his journey to Dublin, burned up also his little physical strength. And it was a bowed and weary man that tottered down the steps of the Shelbourne Hotel next morning. The waiter helped him to the pavement.

"Shall I call a cab, sir?"

"Oh! no," said the Canon. "I feel quite strong—ha—quite vigorous!"

The excitement of entering the agent's office, and making a mighty stand for his poor people, gave him a little unnatural vigor, as he asked, in his own grand way, the group of clerks that were writing behind the screen:

"Can I see Mr. Noble this morning?"

"No," said Simpson, shortly, "you cannot."

"Then when might I have the—ha—honor of an interview with Mr. Noble?" said the Canon.

"I suppose," said Simpson, "whenever you have the honor of meeting him."

"I regard that reply as an impertinence, sir," said the Canon.

"Now, look here, old gentleman," said Simpson, coolly, "if you have missed your way, and strayed in here, the porter will direct you back to your hotel, or place of residence."

"I'm really—ha—surprised," gasped the Canon. "This is so utterly unexpected. Perhaps you do not—ha—know who I am."

"I have not that honor," said Simpson, "and to be very candid, I don't much care."

"I pass by that gross discourtesy, sir," said the Canon, "as I'm here on business. My name is Maurice Canon Murray, parish priest of Lough and Ardavine."

"Well, Maurice Canon Murray, parish priest of Lough and Ardavine, would you now state your business as briefly as possible, for our time is precious."

"I came, sir," said the Canon, "to inquire the meaning or object of this gross outrage on my parishioners?"

"What outrage do you speak of?" queried Simpson.

"This serving of writs, and demand for a wholly unreasonable rent," said the Canon.

"You call yourself a Christian clergyman," said Simpson,

"and represent a legitimate demand for moneys due, and which, under proper management, would have been paid at any time for the last five years,—an outrage?"

"I see," said the Canon, who felt his strength rapidly ebbing away, "that it is—ha—useless—to discuss matters with a subordinate. Please let me know Captain Vermont's Dublin address."

"He has no City address," said Simpson. "His country address you should know better than I."

"I regret to say—ha—I have not—the honor—of Captain Vermont's acquaintance," said the Canon, as the room began to swim around.

"Oh! dear; yes, you have," said Simpson. "At least it was you that gave Captain Vermont the happy information that he was steadily robbed of three or four thousand a year by your excellent parishioners."

"Me, sir? How dare you, sir? That is an un—sertion—rantable—wa—please, might—chair—have?"

One of the clerks rushed out and placed the falling Canon in a chair.

"Yes," said Simpson, bitterly and mercilessly; "and they would have met their demands were it not for the interference of disloyal and turbulent priests like you—"

"Stop that, Simpson," said the clerk, who held the fainting Canon upright in his chair. "Don't you see the gentleman is fainting?"

"Me, sir—distur—loyal—turb—"

"What is your hotel, sir, please? and I shall fetch a cab."

"Shel—tel," murmured the broken voice, as the lips fell twisted by paralysis, and the right hand lay helpless at the side.

"The Shelburne!" cried one of the clerks. "Quick, Harris, or we shall have an inquest here!"

And so the poor Canon, on his mission of mercy, met the first forerunner of dissolution in an agent's office. His limp, heavy form was pushed into a cab, and, in an unconscious condition, he was carried to the *Mater* Hospital, where he remained many a weary month. And despair settled down on Lough and Ardavine. They had the bonfires built that were to celebrate the Canon's triumphal return, and the League Band that had serenaded him

so many years ago, and tried to infuse some patriotism into him, was practising, "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" Then the news arrived. Their king, their patriarch, their mighty champion was stricken down in the fight. And what hope remained?

XXXVII—Disillusion.

Wearily and anxiously the months passed by in the parish of Lough and Ardavine. All work was at a standstill. The people were paralyzed. No one knew, from day to day, when the dread messengers of the law would swoop down and commence the work of destruction. The post office was now empty. The postmistress was idle. The great export trade of the parish was a thing of the past. Worst of all, the great father and friend was lying on his bed of sickness in a Dublin hospital. They had not heard from him for some time; and then his message was fairly hopeful. He assured them that the landlord would not proceed to extremities. He was partly right. The case had got into the English press; for the buyers at Manchester were losing heavily by the enforced inactivity of their clients in Ireland; and the Canon had written from his sick-bed a strong letter to the Dublin and London press on this new instance of injustice and rapacity. And so the office hesitated to enforce instructions, repeatedly received from the landlord in Paris; and all was wrapped in surmise and uncertainty.

Father Cussen was savagely exultant. His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. He had foreseen the evil day and was prepared for it. It was sure to come, he said. Better now than later on. One sharp tussle; and their tenure was secure for ever. Only let them stand shoulder to shoulder, and all the might of England could not dislodge them.

Luke went over to Lisnalee. The good old father was grievously troubled. Lizzie and her husband were anxious, but determined. Was there no chance of a settlement, asked Luke.

"None whatever. The landlord was demanding an impossibility. That margin of twenty-five per cent. reduction just kept them afloat, and gave them heart to carry on their industries. If they paid that, all the profits of their skill and labor were sacrificed. And then, to demand arrears, due over thirty years—the thing was monstrous!"

Father Cussen said the same, adding: "You see, Luke, it's all your beautiful law and order! The man is doing a strictly legal thing; and a strictly brutal thing. He wants this three or four thousand a year, which your sister here and the rest are making, not out of the improved condition of his property, but from their own industry. He wants it to stake it on the red at Monte Carlo; and he must have it, or ruin! And the law says, Yes! It is brutal, but strictly legal! And it will be carried out at the point of the bayonet."

Luke returned to Rossmore with a heavy heart, full of forebodings.

There was a great mission given in the parish of Rossmore during the month of May in that year. Like all missions in Ireland it was well attended. People flocked from near and far to hear the sermons, and go to confession. The good Fathers had a busy time, and Luke was kept in the church from early morn till late at night. This distracted his thoughts, and made him happy. The closing demonstration—that most touching ceremony of the renewal of baptismal vows—was a wonderful sight. There were over fifteen hundred persons in the large church. The heat was stifling; but they did not heed it. Mothers brought their babies from their cradles, lest they should lose the glory and benediction of that night; and they held the tiny fingers around the wax candles, and spoke their vows even for the little ones, that had no need of renewal. All felt regenerated after a good confession and communion; all were happy, with that strange, beautiful sense of lightness and peace that one feels after a good sincere confession; all were prepared to die for God, and to die rather than fall into the hands of His enemy. Luke was more than happy: he was buoyant, even enthusiastic. He had had a glorious week's work, and he felt sustained by the mighty tonic. And he knew his good pastor was pleased and gratified; and this, too, was a great pleasure. But there will be always some little accident to mar great events; and it occurred this evening. One poor fellow forgot himself; but, notwithstanding his condition, he had insisted on coming to the closing of the mission. He kept fairly quiet during the sermon; but just before the candles were lighted for the concluding ceremony, he became troublesome. Luke saw the

commotion, and, gliding down by the side aisle, he ordered the delinquent to rise up and follow him. The poor fellow obeyed, and came out into the yard. Luke ordered him home. But this was resisted. The young man stood, with legs wide apart, and swaying to and fro. His candle, bent with the heat, was twisted around his hand, and he was weeping and blubbering like a child.

"Come now, like a good fellow," said Luke; "go home, and no one will miss you."

"I wo'not go home," was the reply. "I wants the bilifit of the bission; I do—a."

"How can you gain any spiritual benefit in your present state?" protested Luke. "Go home, and go to bed."

"I wo'not go home," the poor fellow protested. "Oh! oh! to be turned out ov the House of God, and the last night of the bission! Oh! oh!"

"'Twas your own fault," said Luke. "You have disgraced us all to-night. Go home now, like a good fellow!"

"I wo'not go home," he replied, weeping. "I wants to go back to the House of God, an' to get the bilifit of the bission. Oh! I do—a."

"You shall not return to the church," said Luke, determinedly. "I cannot have the congregation disturbed this evening. There, I'll get some one to take you home. You can sleep it off, and come to-morrow for the pledge. There, your candle is gone and 'tis all over."

That extinguished candle was an ultimatum. The poor fellow turned away, ashamed and sorrowful, and went towards his home in misery.

Luke was very angry. He quite ignored the vast, pious congregation inside, and the glorious work that had been wrought during the week. He saw only the one blot, and that saying, "the bilifit of the bission," haunted him during the week. He had worked himself into the fine fury of those who are angry and sin not, by Sunday morning; and at last Mass on that day he delivered a fierce invective on the abuse of divine grace, on the folly of mistaking the means for the end, on the superstition of supposing that the mission was a light coat of armor, that

would save them from relapsing during the year, without any corresponding effort on their part to coöperate with grace, etc.

On Monday morning he set out on his annual holiday. It was now ten years since he had left England, and although repeatedly invited by his old confrères to cross the Channel, he had always declined. He dreaded the return of his first experience of the contrasts between the countries. He was now fairly happy; and he did not care to plunge again into the fearful despondency that haunted him during his first years on the home mission. But now he had cast the past so thoroughly behind him that he no longer dreaded the experience; and he had a secret longing to see once more the place where he had spent the first years of his priesthood, and the faces of old friends. He called at the cathedral. All was changed here. The old staff had passed away, removed by promotion or death; and new faces were all around him. There were the old dining-room and library; there was the table where he was drawing his map when suddenly ordered to Aylesbury; there his bedroom. But the Bishop? Dead. The good, kind old Vicar? Dead. Sheldon? Gone to Aylesbury. O, yes! he knew that. That faithful friend had never forgotten his Irish comrade; in fact, it was Father Sheldon's querulous invitation that had conquered Luke's repugnance to visit England again. Was his name remembered? O, yes. The story of his struggle with the Bishop for the *cappa magna* had come down by tradition; for, whenever a young priest tried to put on that splendid vestment on the Bishop, he was warned, *Remember Delmege!* O, yes! And it was almost remembered that he it was who had brought around the lamentable apostasy of Halleck.

"It's an utter and calumnious falsehood," said Luke.

They lifted their eyebrows and looked at one another. Luke was glad to get away.

Father Sheldon, really delighted to see his old friend, received him in English fashion, with cool, courteous welcome.

"Good heavens!" thought Luke; "they're all stricken into stone."

By and by Father Sheldon thawed out, and the old spirit of *camaraderie* revived.

"The years are telling on us all, Delmege," he said. "I'm as

bald as Julius Cæsar, and you have more silver than silk in your locks."

"Everything seems changed here," said Luke. "I'm just wondering how I ever liked this place."

He looked around and contrasted this place with his own little home in Rossmore. He thought of his garden, his flowers, his books, his pictures, his horse, his freedom, the total absence of anxiety about debts, his sense of freedom from responsibility, the patient gentleness of his people, their reverence, their love.

"How is John Godfrey?" he asked.

"Dead"

"And Mrs. Bluett?"

"Dead"

"And the Lefevrils?"

"Clotilde is married to your friend Halleck. The others are in the South of Europe, Cap St. Martin, or some other English hive."

"But Halleck is not here?" said Luke, somewhat nervously.

"O, no. He gives lectures occasionally at the Royal Society; picks up stray apostates from France or Italy, lionizes them, and then drops them."

"Then he has never returned to the Church?"

"Never. You put a bad hand in him."

"If I didn't know you were joking, Sheldon, I would resent that remark. They flung it at me at the cathedral also. It appears to be the one unfragrant memory I have left. And Clotilde?"

"Remains an artist, and haunts South Kensington."

"But her religion?"

"O, she's an 'eclectic.' So she says. Which, as you know, is another, and a prettier name for heretic."

"And poor old Drysdale! Gone too, to his reward. He was a good man. He never knew how much I reverenced him; and how grateful I am for his example."

"So he was," said Father Sheldon, rising. "Now, you'll spend all your holidays here, Delmege; and get up one or two of your fine sermons. No heresy, though, mind."

Luke was going to protest again. But Father Sheldon

continued blandly: "Ah, what a pity, Delmege, you didn't let me draw that tooth that day by the Serpentine. You would be here with us to-day."

"Thank God for that whatever," said Luke. "I'll stroll around; and see if I can recognize any old faces."

He passed along the High Street, and recalled to memory the names over the shop doors. He visited one Catholic house. It was a large commercial establishment. The shop girls stared at him. Was Mrs. Atkins at home? No; but Miss Atkins could be seen. O, yes! she had heard mother speak of Father Delmege, who had ministered there many years ago. Perhaps he would call again, when mother might be at home.

"How did I ever come to love these strange people?" asked Luke of himself, as he passed down the street. "I must have been mesmerized."

He turned from a side street and found himself in Primrose Lane. It was abominably paved with huge rough stones, and an open gutter ran down the centre of the lane to the river. But it was dear to him. He had visited it in the broiling days of mid-summer. He had slipped over these horrid stones in frosty January. He had always been welcome.

"Dead and forgotten here, too, I suppose," he said. He became aware of loud whispering behind him from the open doors.

"'Tis him!" "'Tisn't!" "I tell you 'tis him! Wouldn't I know his grand walk annywhere!" "Yerra, not at all. Shure he's away in the old counthry!" "But I say it is, 'uman! I'd know him if he was biled!"

In an instant every door was blocked. There was a hurried consultation, some doubtings and fears; and then Mrs. Moriarty, rubbing her hands fiercely in her check apron, burst from her door, flung herself on her knees on the rough stones; and sobbing, laughing, weeping, smiling, she grasped Luke's hands, covered them with passionate kisses, whilst her great love tumbled out word after word, jostling one another in their fury of affection.

"Oh! wisha! wisha! did I ever think I'd see this day? Oh! asthore machree! pulse of my heart! Oh! a hundred thousand

welcomes this blessed day! Oh! praise be to You, sweet Lord an' Your Holy Mother! Oh! Father, sure we thought we'd never see you again! Yerra, come here, Mary McCarthy! yerra, what's come over ye all? Don't ye know yere own priest? Yerra, yer reverence, manny and manny's the time we spoke of you! Oh! wisha! wisha! wisha! and here he is agin! Yerra, and I forgot to ask ye, how are ye? An' I suppose ye're a parish priest now in the ould counthry!" And *da capo.*

"Wisha, yer reverence," said another, "sure 'tis we're glad to see you. An' here's little Mary, yere reverence; sure you ought to know her! 'Twas you baptized her!"

"And this is Jamesy, yer reverence! Don't you remimber, how you said he was winkin' at you all the time of the christenin', because he had wan eye open all the time?"

"Oh, Lor', sure the min will never forgive theirselves for being away this blessed day. Mike will murdher us all. That's all about it."

"But, perhaps yer reverence won't be goin' away so soon? Maybe the min would have a chance of seein' ye?"

"I shall remain for a few days with Father Sheldon," said Luke. "He has kindly asked me to remain over Sunday, and to say a few words to my old congregation."

"Is't to prache, yer reverence? Oh, glory, did ye hear that, Mary? Did ye hear that, Kate? His reverence is goin' to prache on Sunday. Every Prodestan' in the city will be there!"

"Wisha, yer reverence, not makin' little of the priests here, we niver hard a right sarmon since ye left."

"That's thrue for ye, thin. Sure they mane well, poor min, but they haven't the flow."

"Look here," said Luke, deeply touched by this ovation, "ye must all come back with me to Ireland. That's all about it. Ireland is your motherland, and she wants ye all."

"We wish we could, yer reverence, a thousand times over. But where's the use? We've a little livin' here, which the bailiffs and the landlords wouldn't give us at home."

"That's true, too, Kate," said Luke, remembering his own impending troubles.

"An' sure they're sayin' the people are all lavin' the ould counthry, yer reverence, an' flying to Americky?"

"The fools are," said Luke. "They could live at home if they liked. But what's become of all my little Italians?"

"Oh, they're here yet, your reverence," said Mrs. Moriarty, with a little pitying smile of superiority. Then, going over to the foot of a staircase, she shouted: "Come down at wance, Jo Kimo. Are ye there, Carrotty? Come down at wance, I say, an' see yere own priest."

"Don't spake about the monkey," she warned Luke. "Sure, he's dead; an' the poor man feels it, as if it wor his child."

And Gioacchimo and Carita and Stefano came down, and smiled and wept, and kissed the priest's hand; and he caressed them with words of their own beautiful language; and went away, feeling in his heart for the hundredth time the truth of his sister's words: "Love the poor, Luke, and 'twill make life all sunshiny."

And he wondered how he ever came to love this gray, ashen city; with its lamps and asphalt; and icy formalities, except in that one spot, brightened by the aliens. And he thought with what joy he would get back to Rossmore, and its mountains, and plantations, and its pretty cottages, and the dear love of his people. And he resolved to buy a new set of breviaries for his dear old pastor, with good large print to suit the old man's eyes; and a workbox for Mary, that would make her big eyes twice as large with wonder; and a grand chibouque for John, that would be the talk and admiration of the country side.

"Come over; come over," he said, when bidding good-bye to Father Sheldon. "Come over, all you Saxons, and we'll show you our green fields, and our glorious mountains, and our seas; and we'll put some of the love of God into your cold hearts."

But Father Sheldon only laughed.

"No, thank you! I haven't many years to live; but I don't care for a sudden and unprovided death."

And so the friends parted.

"To put the thought of England out of my head forever," thought Luke, as he passed through London, "lest the idea should ever revive again, I'll see it at its worst."

And he went down to the Bank and the Exchange. Before he realized it, he was wedged in by a huge bank of humanity—a

swirling, tossing mass, moved hither and thither by some common impulse, that seemed to make them utterly oblivious of each other. Pale-faced men, all dressed in morning costume, silk hat, morning dress coat, gloves, glided along singly or in twos or threes; but every face wore an expression of intense anxiety, as men questioned each other, or frantically dragged note-books from their pockets and jotted down something with trembling hands. He passed through into the Exchange. Here again was a swirling, well-dressed crowd. Groups here and there discussed some mighty problem; clerks, with bent heads, jotted down names and investments; you heard everywhere: "Santa Fés," "Orientals," "Kimberleys," "Tanaga Mines," "Great Westerns," "Durnley Tyres." It was a horrid Babel; and it was made worse by the accents of calm despair with which one man announced his failure and his ruin, and the tone of calm triumph with which another boasted the successful issue of some perilous investment. The air was hot and thick with the breath of many mouths and the dust of many feet. But they heeded not. They worshipped at the shrine of the great god Mammon. Luke stared around for an idol. There were white marble statues erected here and there to successful worshippers of the past. But there was no idol, no image of the great god himself. No need. He was enshrined in every heart; and lo! here was a victim. A young man leaned heavily, as if drunk, against the wall, his feet wide apart, his hat far back on his head. He was the very picture of despair. Luke saw one gentleman nodding to another, and winking over his shoulder at the ruined man:

"Better see Angland safe to his own door!"

Luke fled from the Mart of Mammon.

The next evening Luke was in Dublin at seven o'clock. He went out after dinner to finish his Office, say his Rosary, and make his visit. He strolled into Gardiner St. Church. The twilight outside was deepened into gloom within the walls; yet he could see that the church was pretty full with devout worshippers here and there. He passed up along the central aisle, and got into a quiet nook under the Lady Altar. He was bent down for a few minutes in prayer. When he raised his head, he found he was wedged in a dense crowd that filled the benches on every

side, and left no possibility of escape. They were of all classes, ages, and conditions of life, as Luke saw, when in a moment the whole church was brilliantly lighted, and the great organ pealed forth with a sweet hymn to our Blessed Lady. He noticed beads in all hands—fifteen decade beads in the hands of the young girls.

"What's going on?" he whispered to a venerable old man by his side.

"A novena for Pentecost," he whispered.

The Rosary was then recited the moment the red-robed acolytes had taken their places in a corona around the high altar. After the Rosary a sermon was preached on the first gift of the Holy Ghost—wisdom.

"Who's the preacher?" whispered Luke to his neighbor.

"Father ——," was the reply. "A grand man, your reverence!"

"I'm in Ireland for a surety," thought Luke.

He was dying for a cup of tea; but there was no escape until Benediction was over, at nine o'clock.

Next morning he presented himself at the same church to say Mass. As he passed up the corridor to the left of the church, he saw a number of men awaiting confession. They, too, were young and well-dressed, in morning costume. Their silk hats and gloves lay quietly on their knees. They sat quietly, meditatively, with gentle, grave faces. Luke thought of Mr. Hennessy and the village boys. Here was the practical result of habitual training in reverence. He entered the sacristy, and, after some delay, received permission to say Mass. The sacristy door was opened by his acolyte, and a gush of hot air blew in his face. He expected to see a few worshippers, here and there. He stood in presence of a vast multitude. Some were kneeling, but most were erect and moving as in an endless eddy, circling around some common centre. It was the altar rails. They who moved towards the altar rails looked up, with hands clasped around their prayer books or wreathed in their beads. They stared before them, as at some entrancing object that riveted eye and soul in one absorbing glance. They who returned bent their faces reverently over clasped fingers. They had received all that they had dreamed of

and expected. And, as all moved backward and forward in apparently endless circles, Luke heard the only sound that broke the reverent stillness: *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam. Amen.* With the greatest difficulty, and following his acolyte closely, he at length reached a side altar and deposited his chalice. In an instant there was a rush to the place. Women snatched up their children as they knelt, and hurried forward. Young girls quickly took their places around the balustrade. Young men knelt stiffly erect, with reverent faces, and in an attitude of mute attention. Old men threw down their handkerchiefs and bent heavily over the rails. Then there was the hush of mute expectation of the mighty mystery wrought at the altar, and the graces that were to pour like torrents on their souls. Luke trembled all over at the unusual surroundings —he thought there was a panic in the church; then he trembled under the very dread of great delight. The moment he had said the last prayer, the crowd rose swiftly and hurried away to another altar where another Mass was being said. No time for idle curiosity here. The gold must be stamped as minted. Time is precious, for the heavens are opened this thrice blessed morning, and the mighty treasury of the Church lies here with uncovered lids, revealing all its wealth of grace, and all its opulence of merits; and swiftly the souls that covet must dip their hands and depart. And so, unfevered, but restless as the fur-clad gold-seeker that treads his painful way over snowy mountains that his eyes may rest on the valley of riches and the rivers that are thick with the yellow dust, do these speculators in the banks of God claim vast returns from His thrice generous hands of the only wealth they care for or covet. And here was neither bankrupt nor suicide. They might dip as deeply as they pleased without peril or the danger of exhaustion. For are not His mercies without limit? And who shall plumb the vast seas of omnipotent generosity?

"Yesterday I stood in the Mart of Mammon," said Luke. "To-day I have seen the Mart of Christ. Is this quite unique? or are there other Exchanges in the city?"

He tried. He entered another church in a deep narrow lane off Grafton Street—a great vast, gloomy church, with

all kinds of niches and nooks, where a modest soul might commune freely with God, and never be seen of men. He would have been even more interested, had he known that this was the church where Barbara worshipped in the far-off days. And this was the porch through which Mrs. Wenham fled in terror; and that old woman might be Norry, who was always rattling her beads. Here too were vast speculators on the treasury of Heaven. To and fro, to and fro they moved, praying, weeping, watching. All but one! A young man, also well dressed in faultless morning coat, his silk hat and gloves lying on the seat near him, gazed upwards, as he leaned heavily on the bench rail, at the Face of the gentle Christ. He seemed like one that had just awoke from a trance of horrid dreams, and had just begun to realize that he still lived, and that there were great solemn realities about him. He seemed to be asking still, Is it all true? or, Is it all still a dream? But the gentle, vivid faith of all around him, the quiet realization of the supernatural, the reverent familiarity with which these young girls placed the ruby candle in the sockets of the great candelabra, then looked up into the Face of Christ, and bowed, as if the eyes were wide open and watching—all reassured him; and, after a long interval, he sighed deeply, then knelt, and buried his face in his hands, and prayed.

"God send another Philip Neri," said Luke, "if he is not already here."

He should see the Canon, of course. He drove to the "Mater," and was ushered into the Canon's private room. He apologized at once. There was a great mistake. That venerable old man, his long hair floating on his shoulders, white with the yellow gleam of an Alp in the sunlight, and the long white beard flowing in two forked plaits on his breast, was not the Canon. It was Elias come back from heaven.

"I beg pardon," said Luke; "I have been misdirected."

"Ha, my dear young friend, you fail—ha—to recognize your old friend?"

"A thousand pardons, sir," said Luke. "I really did. I took you for one of the greater prophets, come back to life."

"Ha, indeed? And is my—ha—personal appearance so greatly changed? I have scarcely thought of it here. There

were other things—other things!" said the Canon, wearily drawing his hand across his brow.

"I've just returned from England," said Luke, "where I had a brief holiday—"

"Ha—have you any tidings of my niece—of Barbara?"

"I regret to say, no, sir," said Luke, sadly. "I questioned Father Sheldon, who had been so kind to Miss Wilson and her brother in England; but he never heard from or saw Miss Wilson since the interment of her brother."

"It is strange, and mysterious," said the Canon. "I fear we must give her up as dead."

Luke was silent for a long time.

"I must congratulate you, sir," he said at length, "on your rapid recovery. I hardly expected to find you so well."

"Yes, indeed, I feel remarkably well," said the Canon, raising with some difficulty the arm that had been paralyzed. "Thanks to careful nursing, and the—ha—skill of the medical practitioners here, I hope soon to be able to return home."

"You may expect a warm, and even an enthusiastic welcome," said Luke. "It will revive the spirits of the poor people to see you; and they need some comfort now."

"Oh! it will be all right! it will be all right!" said the Canon, with his old confidence. "In the face of public opinion, our—ha—adversaries cannot proceed further. The English press has taken the—ha—matter up; and English public opinion cannot be despised."

"Perhaps so," said Luke, despondently. "Somehow, things over there look so different to me under the light of experience. I have begun to feel a strange, passionate attachment to my country and people."

"There's a good deal to be said on both sides," said the Canon.

"I shall warn the people to look out for your coming, sir," said Luke, rising. "You may be prepared for a great ovation."

"I think you may—ha—say, that I shall be home in a month or six weeks," replied the Canon.

He stood up to say good-bye, but he fell back wearily.

Luke's last visit was to his beloved sanctuary—the University

College Chapel. This time he did not reach the altar rails or the side chapel. He was arrested by the noble bust of Newman that had been just erected in the side wall. He went over and sat beneath it, looking up into the fine face, with the expression of sadness and resignation that was so characteristic of the great Cardinal in later life. And, as Luke watched the white marble, there came into his mind that tragic exclamation when the letter of his elevation to the Sacred College was placed in the trembling hands of the great convert: "*Thank God! the cloud is lifted at last!*" The most mournful and pitiful of all the dim echoes of *Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani!* that have been torn from bleeding breasts, since that cry startled the darkness of Calvary. And Luke began to question and inquire.

"Why should a cloud ever have rested on that sacred brow? Why are the great and the holy dishonored in life; only honored in death? Why are men so cruel and vindictive towards each other? What is the dread secret of man's inhumanity to man?"

Poor Luke! he can never leave these turbulent questions alone. Why, and why, and why? As if there were any key to the mighty riddle, except that which is hidden away somewhere in the folds of God's garments and which He never shows until after He has unlocked the secrets of the grave.

Analecta.

E S. R. UNIV. INQUISITIONE.

DECLARATIO CIRCA BULLAM CRUCIATAE QUOAD REGULARES ET SACERDOTES.

Per Decretum S. R. et Univ. Inquis. sub die 7 Martii 1891, resolutum fuit quod: "Regulares utriusque sexus, exceptis qui voto speciali sunt adstricti, in ieiuniis etiam Quadragesimae, possunt vi Bullae Cruciatae edere carnes, ova et lacticinia, cum piscibus, in eadem comestione, miscere. . . . Regularibus intra claustra degentibus sive Sacerdotes sint, sive laici, sive moniales, sufficiunt Bulla Cruciatae et Summarium carnis, nisi sint ex ordine Minorum Sancti Francisci, qui nulla bona possident, quibus sufficit Bulla Cruciatae."

Quum autem dictum Decretum aliter interpretaretur, Em.us Card. Arch. Toletan. authenticam interpretationem a S. O. imploravit, obtinuitque ut per sequentes litteras:

Eminentissime ac Reverendissime Dne. Mi Obsme.

In Congne. Genli. S. O. habita fer. IV, die 23 curr. mensis, ad examen vocatis precibus Em. Tuae die 19 Octobris anni pr. elapsi signatis, quibus petis: "An Regulares intra claustra degentes etiam vi solius Bullae Cruciatae possint edere ova et lacticinia in

ieiuniis Quadragesimae, non excepta Hebdomada Maiori." Emi. DD. Cardinales una mecum Inqres. Genles. decreverunt: "Affirmative, exceptis Sacerdotibus qui, sicut presbyteri saeculares et regulares extra claustra commorantes, indultum lacticiniorum habentes, tota Maiori Hebdomada ab ovis et lacticiniis abstinere debent; et ad mentem. Mens est ut satagant Superiores ut Regulares laici et Moniales intra claustra degentes, durante Maiori Hebdomada, ieiunium uti Sacerdotes, non tamen sub praecepto servent."

Dum haec ad Em. Tuae pro meo munere notiam defero, manus tuas humillime deosculor.

Em. Tuae.—Romae, 31 Ianuar. 1901.—Addictis. obseqss. fam. verus.

L. M. *Card.* Parocchi.

E S. CONGREGATIONE RITUUM.

I.

Variationes et Additiones pro Martyrologio Romano.

Die 11 Februarii.—Tertio Idus Februarii.

Hetruriae in Monte Senario Sanctorum Septem Fundatorum Ordinis Servorum Beatae Mariae Virginis, qui post asperrimum vitae genus, meritis et prodigiis clari, pretiosam in Domino mortem obierunt. Quos autem in vita unus verae fraternitatis spiritus sociavit et indivisa post obitum populi veneratio prosecuta est, Leo Decimustertius una pariter Sanctorum fastis accensuit.

In Africa natalis Sanctorum Martyrum etc.

Die 8 Martii.—Octavo Idus Martii.

Granatae in Hispania, Sancti Joannis de Deo, Ordinis Fratrum Hospitalitatis Infirmorum Institutoris, misericordia in pauperes et sui despicientia celebris; quem Leo Decimustertius Pontifex Maximus omnium hospitalium et infirmorum caelestem Patronum renuntiavit.

Die 14 Aprilis.—Decimoctavo Kalendas Maii.

Sancti Justini Martyris, cujus memoria pridie hujus diei recensetur.

Die 16 Aprilis.—Sextodecimo Kalendas Maii.

Romae, natalis Sancti Benedicti Josephi Labre Confessoris, contemptu sui et extremae voluntariae paupertatis laude insignis.

Die 15 Maii.—Idibus Maii.

Rothomagi, Sancti Joannis Baptistae de La Salle Confessoris: qui in erudienda adolescentia praesertim paupere excellens, et de religione civilique societate praeclare meritus, Fratrum Scholarum Christianarum sodalitatem instituit.

Die 17 Maii.—Sexodecimo Kalendas Junii.

Apud villam regalem in Regno Valentino, Sancti Paschalis, Ordinis Minorum, mirae innocentiae et poenitentiae viri, quem Leo Decimustertius coetuum eucharisticorum et societatum a Sanctissima Eucharistia Patronum caelestem declaravit.

Die 23 Maii.—Decimo Kalendas Junii.

Romae, natalis Sancti Joannis Baptistae De Rossi Confessoris, patientia et charitate in evangelizandis pauperibus insignis.

Die 22 Junii.—Decimo Kalendas Julii.

Romae, Beati Innocentii Papae quinti, qui ad tuendam Ecclesiae libertatem et Christianorum concordiam suavi prudentia adlaboravit. Cultum ei exhibitum Leo Decimustertius Pontifex Maximus ratum habuit et confirmavit.

Die 5 Julii.—Tertio Nonas Julii.

Cremonae in Insubria, Sancti Antonii Mariae Zaccaria Confessoris, Clericorum Regularium S. Pauli et Angelicarum Virginum Institutoris, quem virtutibus omnibus et miraculis insignem Leo Decimustertius inter Sanctos adscripsit. Ejus corpus Mediolani in Ecclesia S. Barnabae colitur.

Die 8 Julii.—Octavo Idus Julii.

Romae, Beati Eugenii Papae tertii, qui postquam coenobium Sanctorum Vincentii et Anastasii ad Aquas Salvias magna sanctimoniae ac prudentiae laude rexisset, Pontifex Maximus renuntiatus, Ecclesiam universam sanctissime gubernavit. Pius Nonus Pontifex Maximus cultum ei exhibitum ratum habuit et confirmavit.

Die 18 Julii.—Quintodecimo Kalendas Augusti.

Sancti Camilli De Lellis Confessoris, Clericorum Regularium infirmis ministrantium Institutoris, cujus natalis dies pridie Idus Julii recensetur: Quem Leo Decimustertius Pontifex Maximus hospitalium et infirmorum caelestem Patronum renuntiavit.

Die 19 Julii.—Quartodecimo Kalendas Augusti.

Sancti Vincentii a Paulo Confessoris, qui obdormivit in Domino quinto Kalendas Octobris. Hunc Leo Decimustertius omnium societatum caritatis in toto Catholico orbe existentium, et ab eo quomodocumque promanantium, caelestem apud Deum Patronum constituit.

Die 22 Julii.—Undecimo Kalendas Augusti.

Ulyssipone, Sancti Laurentii a Brundusio Confessoris Ordinis Minorum Sancti Francisci Capuccinorum Ministri Generalis divini verbi praedicatione et arduis pro Dei gloria gestis praeclari a Leone Decimotertio Summo Pontifice Sanctorum fastis adscripti, assignata ejus festivitate Nonis Julii.

Die 13 Augusti.—Idibus Augusti.

Romae, natalis Sancti Ioannis Berchmans scholastici e Societate Jesu, vitae innocentia et religiosae disciplinae custodia insignis, cui Leo Decimustertius Pontifex Maximus caelitum Sanctorum honores decrevit.

Die 18 Augusti.—Quintodecimo Kalendas Septembris.

In Montefalco Umbriae, Beatae Clarae Virginis, Monialis Ordinis Eremitarum Sancti Augustini, in cujus visceribus Dominicae Passioni mysteria renovata, maxima cum devotione venerantur. Eam Leo Decimustertius Summus Pontifex Sanctarum Virginum albo solemni ritu adscripsit.

Die 19 Augusti.—Quartodecimo Kalendas Septembris.

Romae, Beati Urbani Papae secundi, qui Sancti Gregorii septemi vestigia sequutus, doctrinae et religionis studio enituit, et fideles cruce signatos ad sacra Palestinae loca ab infidelium potestate redimenda excitavit. Cultum ab immemorabili tempore

eidem exhibitum Leo Decimustertius Pontifex Maximus ratum habuit et confirmavit.

Die 7 Septembris.—Septimo Idus Septembris.

Nonantulae in Aemilia, S. Hadriani Papae tertii, studio conciliandi Ecclesiae Romanae Orientales insignis. Sanctissime obiit Spinae Lamberti ac miraculis claruit.

Die 9 Septembris.—Quinto Idus Septembris.

Carthagine nova in America meridionali, Sancti Petri Claver Confessoris e Societate Iesu, qui mira sui abnegatione et eximia caritate Nigritis in servitutem abductis, annos amplius quadraginta, operam impendens, tercenta fere eorum millia Christo sua ipse manu regeneravit, et a Leone Decimotertio Pontifice Maximo in Sanctorum numerum relatus est.

Die 10 Octobris.—Sexto Idus Octobris.

Romae, Beati Ioannis Leonardi Confessoris, Fundatoris Congregationis Clericorum Regularium a Matre Dei, laboribus ac miraculis clari: cujus opera Missiones a Propaganda Fide institutae sunt.

Die 16 Octobris.—Decimoseptimo Kalendas Novembris.

Cassini, Beati Victoris Papae tertii, qui Gregorii septimi successor Apostolicam Sedem novo splendore illustravit, insignem de Saracenis triumphum divina ope consecutus. Cultum ab immemorabili tempore eidem exhibitum Leo Decimustertius Pontifex Maximus ratum habuit et confirmavit.

Die 30 Octobris.—Tertio Kalendas Novembris.

Palmae in Maiorica, Sancti Alphonsi Rodriguez Confessoris coadjutoris temporalis formati Societatis Iesu, humilitate ac jugi mortificationis studio insignis, quem Leo Duodecimus Beatorum, Leo vero Decimustertius fastis adscripsit.

Die 9 Decembris.—Quinto Idus Decembris.

Graii in Burgundia, Sancti Petri Fourier Canonici Regularis Salvatoris Nostri, Canonissarum Regularium Dominae Nostrae

edocendis puellis Institutoris, quem virtutibus ac miraculis clarum Leo Decimustertius Sanctorum catalogo adjunxit.

Die 19 Decembris.—Quartodecimo Kalendas Ianuarii.

Avenione, Beati Urbani Papae quinti: qui, Sede Apostolica Romae restituta, Graecorum cum Latinis conjunctione perfecta, infidelibus coercitis, de Ecclesia optime meritus est. Ejus cultum pervetustum Pius Nonus Pontifex Maximus ratum habuit et confirmavit.

Concordant cum Originalibus. In fidem etc.

Ex Secretaria Sacrorum Rituum Congregationis, die 11 Martii 1901.

Pro R. P. D. Diomede Panici, *Archiep. Laodicen., Secretario.*

L. † S.

Philippus, *Can. di Fava, Substitutus.*

II.

Dubium circa translationem cuiusdam festi.

Dominica prima Iulii alicubi festum Deiparae celebratur sub titulo *Refugium peccatorum* cum officio et Missa *de Communi*, prima tantum Oratione, quae *propria* est, excepta. Quod profecto nulla difficultate laborat, cum de parte aestiva agitur. Sed vero accidit aliquando, ut dictum festum transferri debeat ad tempus paschale, et dubium eo in casu oritur super lectionibus III Nocturni in officio recitandis. Namque Evangelium huiusce Missae *de Communi*, tempore paschali, est *Stabat iuxta Crucem:* in Breviario autem deest Homilia praefato Evangelio respondens. Hinc quaeritur: Quomodo est agendum in casu eiusmodi festi translati ad tempus paschale?

Et S. R. C., referente subscripto Secretario, audita sententia Commissionis Liturgicae ac reliquis mature perpensis, rescribendum censuit: In casu adhibeatur Missa B. M. V. de tempore paschali a Pascha ad Pentecosten, retento Evangelio *Loquente Iesu*, de Missa B. M. V. a Pentecoste ad Adventum: cui Evangelio respondet Homilia III Nocturni officii proprii B. M. V. sub titulo *Refugium peccatorum.* Atque ita rescripsit servarique mandavit.

Die 3 Septembris 1900.

Loco † Sigilli.

C. Aloisi-Masella, *Sacr. Rit. Congr. Pro-Praef.*

D. Panici, *Sacr. Rit. Congr. Secret.*

III.

TOLLATUR ABUSUS PULSANDI CAMPANAS FERIA VI IN PARASCEVE.

Emmus. et Revmus. Dnus. Cardinalis Josephus M. Martin de Herrera et de la Iglesia, Archiepiscopus Compostellanus ea quae sequuntur Sacrorum Rituum Congregationi reverenter exposuit, nimirum:

In Civitate Compostellana a multo tempore viget usus pulsandi campanam Ecclesiae S. Dominici feria VI in Parasceve, eo tempore quo Confraternitas Ssmi. Rosarii peragit processionem cum imagine Corporis Christi defuncti et B. M. Virginis Perdolentis. Quum hoc sit aperte contrarium legi communi Ecclesiae, nec Confraternitas exhibuerit documentum exquisitum ad demonstrandum privilegium Pontificium, quaeritur: An huiusmodi praxis sit toleranda?

Et Sacra eadem Congregatio, ad relationem subscripti Secretarii, audito voto Commissionis Liturgicae proposito dubio rescribendum censuit: *Negative, et abusum esse omnino tollendum.*

Die 10 Nov. 1900.

D. *Card.* FERRATA, *Praef.*
D. PANICI, Arch. Laod. *Secret.*

E SACRA POENITENTIARIA

NONNULLA SOLVUNTUR DUBIA CIRCA IUBILAEUM.

I. In Const. *Temporis quidem*, n. 3, ab ampla facultate absolvendi, quae tribuitur electo confessario, excipitur "*crimen absolutionis complicis ter aut amplius admissum.*" Hinc quaeritur: utrum exceptio ista intelligenda sit de crimine absolutionis quod ter aut amplius fuerit admissum *ab ultima confessione* sacerdotis poenitentis, an potius de crimine absolutionis quod per totam ante actam vitam usque ad momentum quo sacerdos confitetur ad effectum Iubilaei fuerit ter aut plus admissum, ita ut is v. g. qui *antea ob bis* impertitam huiusmodi absolutionem debuerit recurrere ad S. Poenitentiariam, non possit nunc *vi Iubilaei privilegiorum* absolvi etiam si *semel* tantum reincidat in dictum crimen?

II. Et quatenus ad priorem partem resp. *affirmative*, quaeritur: utrum possit ad hunc casum applicari responsum S. Poenitentiariae

(25 Ian. 1901) quo confessariis permittitur *pluries* uti privilegiis Iubilaei erga poenitentem qui nondum perfecit omnia opera praescripta ad lucrandam Iubilaei indulgentiam: an contra haec facultas ad *unum* dumtaxat usum sit data?

III. Libera electio confessarii quae ad effectum Iubilaei, id est si adsit animus lucrandi Iubilaeum, conceditur regularibus et monialibus, potestne ab his semel tantum exerceri an pluries, donec perfecerint opera ad Iubilaeum requisita?

IV. Titius, dum opera complebat ad effectum Iubilaei, nullam habuit causam recurrendi ad speciales Confessariorum facultates. Postquam autem indulgentiam Iubilaei est lucratus tum primum incidit in casum reservatum. Potestne confessarius adprobatus ab ipso electus eum absolvere vi facultatum Iubilaei? An contra nullus suppetat Titio usus privilegiorum Iubilaei?

V. Quoad visitationes praescriptas ecclesiarum, si quis, *una eademque die* (civili vel ecclesiastica) in pluribus versetur locis ubi Iubilaeum sit promulgatum, potestne *unius diei* visitationes perficere partim v. g. duas in uno loco, et partim i. e. duas reliquas in altero, dummodo visitentur in utroque loco binae ex ecclesiis ab Ordinario designatis, an contra debeant quatuor *eiusdem diei* visitationes in uno eodemque fieri loco?

Sacra Poenitentiaria, mature consideratis expositis dubiis, respondit:

Quoad I. *Negative ad primam partem, affirmative ad secundam.*

Quoad II. *Provisum in praecedenti.*

Quoad III. *Negative ad primam partem, affirmative ad secundam.*

Quoad IV. *Habita ratione Constitutionis* Temporis quidem *negative ad primam partem, affirmative ad secundam.*

Quoad V. *Affirmative ad primam partem, negative ad secundam.*

Datum Romae ex S. Poenitentiaria die 5 Iunii 1901.

A. Carcani, *S. P. Regens.*
R. Celli, *S. P. Substitutus.*

Conferences.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW proposes to answer in this department questions of general (not merely local or personal) interest to the Clergy. Questions suitable for publication, when addressed to the editor, receive attention in due turn, but in no case do we pledge ourselves to reply to all queries, either in print or by letter.

OUR ANALECTA.

The Roman documents for the month are:

I.—S. CONGREGATION OF THE INQUISITION explains that cloistered religious enjoy the privilege of using *ova et lacticinia* in Lent, by virtue of the Bull *Cruciatae*.

II.—S. CONGREGATION OF RITES:

1. Issues the variations and additions for the Roman Martyrology.
2. Regulates the Mass *de B. V. Maria* under the title "Refugium Peccatorum" in case the feast is transferred to the Paschal season.
3. Forbids the custom of ringing bells on Good Friday during a procession of the Rosary Confraternity.

III.—APOSTOLIC PENITENTIARY decides (1) that the clause, "crimen absolutionis complicis ter aut amplius admissum," of the Constitution *Temporis quidem*, no. 3, is to be taken in its absolute sense, and not in the sense "ab ultima confessione;" (2) the right of regulars and nuns to choose their confessors for the Jubilee Indulgence is not necessarily restricted to one confession, but may be exercised *repeatedly* until the prescribed works for gaining the Indulgence have been completed; (3) the special faculties for reserved cases during the Jubilee have no further application in regard to persons who have gained the Jubilee Indulgence and then fall into reservation; (4) persons who during the day or night move to different localities, having made some visits to the prescribed church in one place, may make the remaining visits in another place to complete their Jubilee visits.

THE PRAYER "SACROSANCTAE."

Qu. You mention in one of your Conferences in the August number the prayer *Sacrosanctae*. Our breviaries introduce this prayer with the rubric: "Orationem sequentem devote post Officium recitantibus Leo Papa X defectus et culpas in eo persolvendo ex humana fragilitate contractas indulsit."

I presume the "indulsit" indicates that this prayer is an indulgenced devotion, as the concession of Pope Leo X likewise implies. But I look in vain for it in the authorized *Raccolta*. Is this an oversight?

You say, also, in your reply to "Sacerdos Californiensis," that the distinction of the scholastic theologians between *latria*, *hyperdulia*, and *dulia*, is a development or analysis of already existing terms, such as are represented by the *Sacrosanctae*. But this can hardly be, if Leo X is the author of the prayer, as the rubric of the breviary seems to indicate. The scholastics antedate the Reformation period, I think.

Resp. The last three editions of the *Raccolta* omit the *Sacrosanctae* from the series of indulgenced prayers, "Pei Sacerdoti." The reason of this omission is given by Prinzivalli in his thirteenth edition (1855, p. 354): "The concession is not so much an indulgence as an act of reparation for the faults committed in reciting the office." It is nevertheless called an indulgence in some of the official decisions of the S. Congregation,[1] and may be regarded as such in a secondary sense.

As for the authorship of the prayer, our correspondent is slightly astray. Leo X *sanctions* the prayer as a liturgical act of reparation for the faults of frailty committed in reciting the canonical hours, but he does not claim the authorship of the prayer. That is by general consent attributed to St. Bonaventure, who was a contemporary of St. Thomas of Aquin, and whose utterances might therefore easily become the subject of later scholastic analysis. But even assuming that the distinctions of *latria* and *dulia* are older, and antedate the age of St. Bonaventure, the argument that analytical terminology follows such use of words as we meet in the prayer *Sacrosanctae*, retains its full force, for the expressions "sempiterna laus," etc., applied

[1] Cf. *Decr. Authentica*, n. 368.

to God and His Saints in a general sense, did not originate with the *Sacrosanctae*, which only repeats already established expressions, and applies them in the less restricted sense than the schoolmen did.

FATHER GERHARD'S TEST FOR PURITY OF WINES.

The following correspondence referring to a communication by Father A. J. Gerhard, of the Pontifical College ("Josephinum," Columbus, Ohio), in which the writer suggested a method of testing the purity of altar wines, will explain itself. We do not pretend to decide in the question; but the objections that are offered below by our correspondents against the absoluteness of the test, seem quite reasonable. The experiment proposed by Father Gerhard may have proved itself formerly, and it may still hold good in many cases, yet fail in view of the altered treatment of wines to reveal either certain kinds of adulteration or the entire absence of foreign ingredients. The integrity of the conscientious manufacturer vouched for under reliable guarantees of ecclesiastical authority appears after all, as we said in a former paper on this subject, to be the only safe assurance of pure altar wine.

To the Editor of AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

There appeared in your issue of last month a communication giving what is called a very simple test to ascertain the purity of altar wine.

This is simply a revival of the old gravity test of many years ago, which practical chemists have pronounced of no value whatever as a proof of purity or impurity. It is simply a matter of specific gravity.

Two eminent chemists, one a cleric, the other a layman to whom this test has been submitted, state that it proves nothing as to purity, for sweet wines have greater specific gravity than dry wines and will usually sink in water, the fact of wine sinking in water being of no value whatever as a proof of adulteration. The test described is stupid; for raw spirits colored with dyes would according to this test prove to be the best wine in the market.

It may be asked: What then have we to rely on with regard to the purity of altar wine? And in reply, it can be stated that the honor, Catholicism and good faith of the maker and dealer are the best guarantees to rely on.

There are Jewish and Protestant dealers in altar wines who cannot be expected to have many scruples in this matter. Therefore the Clergy should be careful as to the standing and Catholicism of the dealers from whom they purchase their altar wines. J. W. D.

August 2, 1901.

To the Editor of AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

In the August number of the REVIEW you published a letter describing a method for testing the purity of altar wines, and having just then received a sample bottle of altar wine from the Ginseng Distilling Company, I applied the test, and found the wine adulterated according to the method proposed. Thereupon I wrote said firm.

I am in receipt of answer, which I herewith send you. Perhaps it will help to clear matters and do justice to both parties. I leave it to your judgment what to do in the case.

Yours respectfully,

P. BERNARD M. ZELL, O.S.B.

The letter of the Ginseng Distilling Company follows:

"July 31, 1901.

"*To the Rev. P. Bernard M. Zell, O.S.B., Monett, Mo.*

"*Reverend Sir*:—Yours of the 29th inst. received, and we thank you for calling our attention to the article in the AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. We fortunately take this monthly and had it close at hand. To say that the writer of this is doing himself, the priesthood, and dealers in wine of any kind, a great injury, is the least we can say. This test is a simple and old one and has been handed down from generation to generation, but was discarded years ago by alchemists and scientists, who make a practice and business of determining the purity of anything in either foods or liquids.

"As an illustration, we will call attention to the glowing fact that the very point which is desired in wine adulteration is decidedly overlooked in this. The majority of people who adulterate wine use nothing but water and cheap light acids. By taking up this test, and using a small vial of wine of any kind and one half filling it with water, you will see the sophistry and false principles laid down in this rule, as not a particle of any substance will show in the water in which you place it. The reason is very apparent from the fact that the water in the wine is the same weight as the water in the glass.

"To get to our wine, which is the one assailed in this instance by you, we state in our circular and in our letter, that the ferment in this wine is arrested by means of raisins steeped in bags or cloths. In the action, chemical or otherwise, the natural saccharine matter in the wine is accelerated (?) by the sweetness of the natural grape raisin; and the only suggestion which we have to make to you in connection with this matter is that the saccharine or sugar, which is natural in the altar wine, will certainly be heavier than the water, which produces the cloudy effect stated by the REVIEW's correspondent.

"We can thoroughly satisfy you as to our conscientious scruples in reference to this wine or any other wine which we may place on the market. We are thoroughly Catholic in our principles and recognize the responsibility and fear of committing sacrilegious crime as you suggest. It is just as strongly placed before our conscience as before yours, possibly a little more so, as we realize it is a crime not to one but to many.

"To return to the wine question, however. We have a wine which we sell at 35 cents per gallon. We do not call it an altar wine, because it is about one-half water, and it is the last crushing of the grape. The fermentation is entirely complete, and the acid which is natural to it is lighter than water; and if there is any possibility of precipitating any sort of a cloud or foreign ingredient, we have yet to learn it. We tried it long ago, on the recommendation of somebody's grandmother, by this same test. We do not care to get into a controversy in this matter, or we would take this question up in the REVIEW; for, being in the business, of course, would lead people to believe that we were fighting a fact when we are only disputing a fancy. "GINSENG DISTILLING CO."

ARE "THE MACCABEES" AND "THE EASTERN STAR" CONDEMNED SOCIETIES?

Qu. Can you give me any information concerning the secret societies called "The Maccabees" and "The Eastern Star"? Are the affiliations of the condemned secret societies also regarded as condemned? W. R. THOMPSON, O.P.

Resp. "The Knights of the Maccabees," according to the official record of the Masonic Fellowship, is a secret beneficiary fraternal society. It is of Canadian origin, having been planned

and founded by members of the "Independent Order of Foresters" (United Order of Foresters) in 1878. Its "ritual, legend, and ceremonial" are largely the outcome of suggestions from leading members of older Masonic lodges, whose rituals and methods have served as models for numbers of societies of similar character. The Order claims to set forth the principles of the Jews in defence of the rights of a God-fearing nation. It has a religious form of initiation and a special burial service.

The ostensible purpose which holds together the society and draws members to it, is the mutual relief it affords in cases of disability, extreme old age, and sickness, of accidents, and funerals, and for the support of widows and orphans. The funds are raised by mutual assessments. There is no general reserve fund, although the local societies may maintain such for their own emergencies. The membership of the society is considerably over 300,000, including the women's auxiliary branch, established in 1886.

The name of the "Eastern Star" is claimed by three distinct orders: The Ancient and Honorable Order of the Eastern Star, The Eastern Star Benevolent Fund of America, and The Order of the Eastern Star.

The last mentioned of these, according to its charter, admits to its ranks only Master Masons, their wives, widows, sisters, and daughters. Still, although founded by and for Freemasons, it does not pretend to be in any way Masonic, but purely charitable and benevolent. Its secrecy consists principally in the use of symbolism and symbolic terminology without any absolute pledge of secrecy. The society appeals to the doctrines of the Old Testament and to Scriptural Christianity. Until recently the foundation of this society was attributed to a well-known Mason, the poet Robert Morris, who established a lodge about 1850.

According to Mr. A. J. Burton, of New York, there existed in New England a society of the name Ancient and Honorable Order of the Eastern Star as early as 1793, to which the later Eastern Star society presently traces its origin. It is most popular in the Western States, operating mainly as a social club for women, with a religious tendency more or less pronounced in different localities.

The symbol of a five-pointed star and the pentagon or signet of Solomon is interpreted as follows: the *first point* represents obedience, or rather the binding force of a vow (Jephtha's daughter); the *second*, devotion to religious principles (Ruth); the *third*, fidelity to kindred and friends (Esther); the *fourth*, faith in a Redeemer (Martha); the *fifth*, charity (Electa).

The membership of the society extends all over the Union, and to South America, Canada, and Scotland. In the United States its roll reaches the number of 200,000, chiefly women.

Different from the above mentioned societies is the Eastern Star Benevolent Fund of America. This is an auxiliary society within the Order of the Knights of the Star of Bethlehem, (permanently) established in America in 1869, but claiming to have originated during the early days of Christianity from a monastic institution called the Bethlehemites, who dressed like the Dominicans, etc., and, according to a later account, introduced into America in 1691 by Giles Corey, of London. The ritual of the American branch is said to retain only the practical teachings on truth, fraternity, charity, and the moral law, drawn from the ancient Masonic ritual. It exists in many States of the Union, and reports a membership of more than 20,000.

Now, regarding the nature of these and kindred societies affiliated to the secret and Masonic fraternities, viewed from the Catholic point, we may repeat what has been said in these pages on this subject. The Church has not designated by name, nor can she possibly do so, all the societies under various titles from which she wishes her children to hold aloof. At the same time she has laid down some principles which must guide the confessor or pastor in recognizing a society which, however laudable its ostensible purpose, has attached to it some element of danger by which the moral and religious freedom of its members is weakened.

These organizations, secret or affiliated to secret societies, may and do actually effect a great deal of good in the material and social order by a system of mutual benevolence and practical charity. Nevertheless, their allegiance to the principle of secrecy and obedience without discrimination (as in the well-defined spheres of action of our Religious Orders) is an abdication of the

natural right to freedom and a danger to organized society. When in addition to this the organization prescribes a distinct ritual which assumes the service of religion, it is contrary to the established tenets of the Catholic faith, and a person cannot consistently profess loyalty to both the Church and the organization from which he happens to derive temporal and social benefits.

Catholics are, therefore, forbidden to be members of any society, no matter what name it bears, if said society by its constitutions—

1. Requires, under oath or otherwise, *absolute secrecy* regarding the motives and acts done under the authority of said society. By absolute secrecy is meant the keeping of a thing from one who has a right to the knowledge of it, such as the guide of conscience who represents God's law, or a third person whose temporal or eternal interests are injured by withholding from him the means of saving himself, or the civil authorities who require such knowledge for the common good, the preservation of peace, order, and prosperity of the community.

2. If the constitutions of the society demand (either by oath or mere promise) from its members a blind and *unconditional obedience* to those who represent authority in the society. Such blind obedience involves a renouncing of one's own judgment and freedom of will, to the exercise of which every man is entitled, and which he may renounce only when the things commanded are known to be in harmony with the divine law.

A person who promises blind obedience to the commands of a secret society deprives himself of the power to judge whether the act he is urged to perform is good or bad, and he thus absolutely renounces the free exercise of both reason and will. This no man may do, not even in a religious society, because there the vow of obedience is always clearly understood to exclude acts which are contrary to the law of God.

3. If the societies are organized for the purpose of making open or secret opposition to God's Church or against the lawful civil government. Such societies are forbidden because they destroy order, obedience, and public morality, although they may have been founded from motives which mainly appeal to patriotism and a sense of liberty. The defence of liberty which neglects obedience to the law of God is sinful license.

4. If the societies have their own minister or chaplain (not ordained in the Church of God), their own (religious) ritual, and their own (religious) ceremonial, they are out of communion with the Catholic Church, and forbidden to Catholics.

Now, whether any particular society is to be classed in one or several of the above-mentioned categories *is not indicated by its name*. The Church has indeed declared certain secret societies to be *excommunicated*, and has mentioned these by name, because their character and object were well understood; but she has declared as *forbidden* (though not by name excommunicated) all secret societies whose object and character are essentially subversive of good order and religious principle.

The *names* of such societies cannot be a sure clue to their real character, because:

1. A society originally formed for the purpose of mutual protection, the furtherance of some common benefit, or a charitable object, may, at the instigation of some influential member, change its main object or enlarge its scope of action, and thus without changing its name become a secret society, dangerous to religion and to the State.

2. A society of a given name may be a secret society in one country or district, and not in another: thus certain labor organizations in the United States may have simply the character of mutual beneficial societies, in which the members pledge themselves to stand by each other to maintain the rights of the employee against unjust measures which might be resorted to by unscrupulous and avaricious employers; yet the same societies in Canada may become secret political organizations, and this without changing their constitutions and laws, but merely by an interpretation that the pledge of secrecy is to extend to their deliberations in matters concerning politics as well as to questions regarding the hours of work, wages, exclusion, and the rest.

3. A society may have different grades or branches, some of which come under the head of forbidden secret societies, whilst others are purely beneficial societies. Thus it happens that a member of an Odd Fellows' Lodge finds that nothing is ever said or done in the meetings which might be construed against religion or civil obedience; he is sure that he knows it all, because he has

"been a member for more than ten years." But he does not know that he belongs only to that great crowd which, by supporting a lucrative mutual insurance business, furnishes capital, and at the same time throws public opinion off its guard, so as to support and shield the secret movers in higher places. Such societies may have two or more sets of constitutions; and the common name only serves to familiarize the members of the lower grade with the beneficent character of the organization, which is a convenient cloak for party transactions, whilst it gives the leaders a splendid opportunity of picking out and training members capable for the work they do in secret.

SEARCHES INTO IRISH ORIGINS.[1]

By the late Father O'Growney.

The Gael.

The history of Ireland has been a history of invasions. Many races have struggled to possess a share of the Green Isle. Passing over the small Huguenot, Flemish, Palatinate colonies, we must remove various layers of invading settlers — Scotch, Cromwellian, Norman, Saxon, British, and Danish—before we get down to the Irish people proper. The Romans did not attempt any settlement in Ireland. But, notwithstanding all these successive invasions, the vast majority of the present Irish people are the lineal descendants of the Irish, as they were when the Carthaginians or Phœnicians first knew them and described them to the Greeks, five hundred years before the Christian era. Who were the "men of Erin" of that period? To what race did they belong? As we have seen, the name *Scoti*, by which they were known to the Latins, must have been based on a native name; and we find that name in the phrase *Cineadh Scuit*, the race of Scot, a phrase still used for the Irish people in Irish poetry.

But their more usual name was *Goidel*, a word that has been Anglicized Gael. *Brigit Moire Goidel*, Brigid, the Mary of the Irish, is an historic phrase. The national language from the present time to an unknown period in the prehistoric past has been known as Gaelic.

This double name of the ancient Irish people might hint to us that

[1] *Vide* American Ecclesiastical Review, August, 1901, pp. 146–154.

they were not homogeneous, but that two or more races had occupied the island. We find from observable facts and from tradition that this has been the case. Of the new sciences that have grown up in the course of this century, not the least valuable is ethnology or anthropology. In many cases even the most superficial observer can tell a man's nationality by his physical appearance. But ethnology and anthropology, the study of nations and of men, have reduced this to a fairly exact science. The physical characteristics of a race persevere for generation after generation with wonderful tenacity. Among these are reckoned height, size of frame, size and shape of skull, color of hair and eyes, and complexion. Unless there is a mixture of blood with another race, the racial type will remain for centuries with little or no change. The types of the present day are found, in many countries, to be identical with those brought to light by excavations or discoveries of prehistoric human remains. Within the past few years the Royal Irish Academy has been pursuing ethnological studies in the Western islands and other isolated districts of Ireland. Certain scientific gentlemen have been going around with their exact instruments, measuring height and length of arms, and particularly the size and shape of skull, and noting the color of hair and of the eyes—"to see is there any green in them," as an irreverent bystander once observed. Comparing their observations and notes, and collecting them with the results of the study of skeletons of early date, unearthed in various parts of Ireland, they have arrived at the conclusion that at least two, if not three, different races occupied Ireland in succession, and that branches of these same races were the ancestors of the early Britons and of the early inhabitants of Scotland.[2]

The earliest of these races was of comparatively small stature, the average height, according to geological records, being only five feet four and a half inches. One of the chief criteria of race is shape of skull. The earliest people of Ireland were long-skulled, or, as the scientists say, dolichocephalic, the length of the skull being measured from the forehead to the back of the head, and the line of breadth being at right angles to this.[3]

The later race of inhabitants of Ireland was a tall (5 ft. 8½ in.),

[2] This science has been discussed by Kretschner, *Einleitung in die griechische Sprache*, and shown to be valueless. Its results are not now depended on —ED.

[3] The skull-index is found by dividing the breadth by the length, and multiplying by 100. Long-skulled persons have an index of 75 or less; and the short-skulled or broad-skulled, 83 or more.

muscular, and athletic people, with short or broad skulls. The same is to be said of Scotland and England, as the same two types are found there. And if we look farther abroad, we find that the discoveries of skeletons of prehistoric times on the continent of Europe show, among others, the same two types. Skeletons of the type of the early Irish race are found over France, Belgium (but not further east than Namur), and southwards to Spain, Corsica, and the other islands of the Mediterranean, and even across that sea to Northern Africa. The earliest inhabitants of Ireland came from Africa, through Spain and France. Looking in Europe for the traces of the second race that occupied Ireland, a tall, broad-headed people, we find the type extending from Belgium eastwards, through South Germany, Switzerland, Western Italy, and the Slavonian countries. It extends into Asia. According to the indications of craniology, the second race of Irish people came from Eastern Europe. Of their previous history we shall see more later.

These two types of men have occupied these countries we have mentioned for a very long period. The small, long-headed people, the first inhabitants of Ireland, belong to the same type as the ancient people of Spain, the Iberians, as they were called by the Romans, probably from Iberus, the Latin name of the river Ebro. Tacitus, in the first century A.D., compared the Iberians, in their personal appearance, to Silurians, or natives of Wales; and there can be no doubt but that the black-haired, dark-eyed people of swarthy complexion and comparatively small stature, yet occupying parts of western Wales, the Hebrides, and the islands along the west coast of Ireland from Kerry to Donegal, are the lineal descendants of this most ancient of Irish people.

In contrast with this Iberian type, at the present day as well as in the times of which Latin writers narrate, is the tall, broad-headed race, with what the scientists call xanthous hair, ranging from yellow to foxy red, with florid complexion inclined to freckles, and gray or grayish-blue eyes. Our native Irish annals are full of references to persons of fair, yellow, tawny, and red hair; and in the description given by early Irish writers of the various invasions of Ireland, the later or conquering races are described as yellow-haired or red-haired. Some observers distinguish two slightly different types of this latter class.

The earliest inhabitants of Ireland came at a very remote date,

and were contemporary with the mammoth, and the reindeer, the Irish elk, and the bear.[4]

The records of geological excavations show us, as does also tradition, that the late race was more powerful and more civilized than the earlier, and that the first inhabitants were driven from the fertile lands to the mountain regions of the west coast. The second race also imposed its language on the earlier inhabitants.

We can now answer, to some extent, a question proposed above, and say that the race which gave the Iverion name (from which the present name afterwards arose) to Ireland, came from eastern Europe, and that the still earlier race came from northern Africa.

Ireland was known to Greek writers, probably through navigation from Carthage or Phœnicia, in the sixth century B. C. At this early date it was called *Ierne*, a shortened form of Iverion. It must, therefore, have been occupied by the Gaelic-speaking race—for the Gaelic is the language of the latter Gael, Scotic, or broad-headed people—for a considerable period before that time. The skeletons of the Iberian type unearthed in Ireland are never found associated with bronze weapons, but always with the earlier and ruder instruments of stone. Hence we must conclude that bronze was introduced either with the coming of the late race or after their advent. Now, competent authorities on bronze instruments say that those found in Ireland and Britain are at least as old as 1000 B. C. How much older they may be, we do not know, probably not very much. The coming of the Gaelic people to Ireland took place accordingly not later than 1000 B. C., and, if they brought the bronze weapons on their first coming, they came about that time.

Let us now see how the traditions of the Irish people harmonize with the assurances of anthropology. According to the Irish accounts, the island was invaded by successive waves of people. Passing over reported colonies, more or less mythical, of small extent, Queen Cesar, the Partholians, and Nemedians, who may well correspond to stray bodies of people who found their way to Ireland before the larger influx of population, the chief colonies are described as the Firbolgs,

[4] The bear survived in Scotland until the eleventh century. The name of the bear, *mathghamhain*, is of common occurrence in Irish literature, and has some bearing upon the well known surnames, MacMahon and O'Mahoney. The wolf was in existence until the eighteenth century. Its name is connected with the surnames, Phelan, Whelan, Whalen. The red deer was abundant until the last century, and still exists in small numbers in Kerry.

the Danaans, and the Milesians. There was also a race of sea rovers, the Formorians; but they play only a small part in our legendary history. The Formorians are described as black and swarthy; the Danaans and Milesians as fair, yellow- or red-haired. So far legend and ascertained facts correspond. The Danaans are described as more skilful, civilized, and cultured than the Firbolgs; indeed the latter regarded the Danaans as gifted with unearthly power; and this is the idea of the Danaans that has come down to us. In parts of Ireland the "Danaans" is a synonym for fairies. Tradition goes so far as to say that it was the Danaan race that brought to Ireland the Lia Fail, the *Saxum Fatale* or Stone of Destiny, now preserved under the coronation chair of England, although according to many it is the pillar stone yet seen in the hill of Tara. Hence also the name of "Inisfail," or Isle of Destiny, given to Ireland. These, however, are mere legends. Of more importance, perhaps, is the tradition connecting the fair or yellow-haired races with Germany; and the similarity of the names *Belgae* and *Firbolg* is noteworthy. The dark-haired and dark-skinned people of the west coast were accounted as Firbolgs, in native accounts, up to a century ago, and only a few days since I saw it written of a well-known Irishman that he had a Firbolgic appearance. The vigesimal system of notation, still used in Irish, is supposed to be a result of mixture with the earlier Iberian population. The Gaelic system was a decimal one, and offers some peculiar points of interest. We notice that even in early Christian times there are references to various languages or dialects spoken in Ireland; but the language of the early dark race has disappeared for many centuries, and has been replaced by the speech of the latest invaders, call them Danaans, Milesians, or Gael, or Scots, or what we will. Properly speaking, only the descendants of the Milesians or last traditional race of invaders can be called Scots or Gaels. Scota, in the legends, was the wife of Milesius; and Gaedheal a remote ancestor. Even in St. Patrick's time the name of Scotia seems to have been restricted to the upper classes, the common people being known as *Hiberionaces*. It would be idle to give the legendary account of the adventures of Gaedheal Glas, who, if we believe all we hear, was a contemporary of Moses.

What ethnology and tradition have to tell us of early Ireland may be summed up in a few words. At a very early date Ireland was occupied by small colonies of obscure origin, but probably of the same dark race that occupied France and Spain. At a later, but still very

early time, the island received a large colony of the same Iberian race. Still later, yet before 1000 B. C., there was an invasion by a fair, yellow- and red-haired people, probably by two different waves of the same race, or of two races differing but slightly. These last in the course of time imposed their language on their predecessors; and from them the Irish came to be called the Gael and the Scoti. The old name of Ireland was Iverion, and this name was given to the island by the Gael, and means Western Land.[5]

The early people of Britain were of the same two races; and the languages which finally prevailed in Britain were, with the Gaelic, three dialects of the same language. Other dialects were spoken across the sea by the Gauls and Belgians. To Gaul and Belgium we must look for light on the earlier history of both the xanthous Gael and the swarthy Iberian.

DONEGAL.

We have taken several well known words to bring us, step by step, into the prehistoric past. The name of Donegal shall carry us another stage along our journey. Interpreted by the light of modern Irish solely, it is "Dun na ngall," the fortress of the strangers. But the Irish word *Gall* has undergone changes of meaning, for going backward we find it applied in succession to foreigners, Protestant, Englishman or Saxon, Dane, and native of Gaul or France. This last is its proper meaning, corresponding to the Latin *gallus*.[6]

Gaul has had a varied history, which is reflected in the changes of language it has seen. At present various dialects and patois of Latin are spoken through Portugal, Spain, France, and Belgium. From Nor-

[5] There were several names of Ireland, still to be met in poetry, such as Banba, Fodla, Inis Elga; for these, as well as for the name Erin, there are legendary explanations. The suggestion that it was the early, dark, Iberian race that gave the name Iverion or Iberion to Ireland, is not plausible, since Iberion was only the name by which the Romans knew the early people of Spain. We have no reason for thinking that the early Irish people ever used it as a name for themselves—unless we look to the proper name Eber or Einer as a connecting link.

[6] We have seen how Walsh, the same etymologically as Gaulish, has come to mean Italian, French, British (Welsh), and foreign generally. In Irish, *teanga ghallda* means foreign tongue; *teampull gallda* is a Protestant church. The Gael and the Gall, the native and the foreigner, is a classic phrase. The Fingall and the Dubhgall, the fair-haired and the dark-haired foreigners, were two classes of the Danes. From the first comes the name of Fingall, a district near Dublin; from the second the surnames MacDubhghaill and O'Dubhghaill, anglicized MacDougal, MacDowell, Doyle, "the descendants of the black stranger."

mandy to Gascony there are successive dialects, unintelligible to those who know only literary French. Sometimes one patois merges gradually into another; in other places an intervening patois has disappeared, and the people on both sides of the intervening space can hardly understand one another. When a mountain range or a great river intervenes, people who live only a few miles from one another develop two dialects that soon differ so much that those on one side cannot understand those on the other. The character of a district, whether mountainous or level, or wooded, or valleyed, has an influence on the pronunciation. Again, different races of people may have a language imposed on them, and the various races may thus pronounce the same language differently. In this way dialects arise in every country. The French people pronounce their Latin dialects in different ways, because France is a large country with districts of various configuration, and especially because the races that inhabited France are very different. The Latin dialects in France took the place of the earlier Gaulish language. Gaulish was spoken down to the fourth century, and we have yet specimens of the language preserved in inscriptions written in Greek characters. In the time of Julius Cæsar (100–44 B. C.) Gaulish was spoken over a district extending from Antwerp to Lyons. Most school-boys may be safely credited with a knowledge of those first lines of the Commentaries: "All Gaul is divided into three parts, of which the Belgians inhabit one, the Aquitanians another, and those who in their own language are *called Celts, but in ours Gauls*, inhabit the third;" a passage which brings us to a difficult problem.

(To be continued.)

THE CAUSALITY (DISPOSITIVE) OF THE SACRAMENTS.[1]

(Conclusion, by the REV. DR. CRONIN.)

The proof sheets, kindly forwarded to me by the Editor, of Dr. MacDonald's last words on the above subject, have reached me away

[1] In the Rev. Dr. MacDonald's contribution on this subject to our last number (August), the sentence "In the latter," etc., which is found at page 157, tenth line from the top, should read: "In the latter, the Saint says expressly that the minister does *not* coöperate with God as His instrument in producing grace; *in the former, he says as expressly that the minister does coöperate with God as His instrument in producing grace.*" The words in italics were omitted from Dr. MacDonald's copy in the process of printing.—EDITOR.

from Rome and from most of my books; while, if my reply is to appear in the September number of the REVIEW, I have only two days in which to put it together. However, I do not anticipate that my task will be either long or difficult. Whatever may be Dr. MacDonald's errors of commission in his answer, the main fault is one of omission. The principal arguments are not alluded to, and they remain intact.

First of all with regard to the Council of Trent. That Council teaches that Baptism is the instrumental cause of grace. Dr. MacDonald holds the same. "And so say all of us." But an instrumental cause, according to St. Thomas and the scholastics generally, is either perfective or dispositive, each being an instrumental cause in the "strict and proper sense" of the term. The Council of Trent, in saying that Baptism is the instrumental cause of grace, does not attempt to decide the question whether it is perfective or dispositive. And I have shown already,[2] by arguments against which Dr. MacDonald has nothing to say, that the dispositive causality is in far closer harmony with the teaching of the Council in another place[3] than is the perfective. Indeed, the dispositive causality is imperatively demanded by that teaching. No; we do not hold that the sacraments are not the instrumental causes of grace itself, but of disposition necessitating it. We hold, with Dr. MacDonald, and with the Council of Trent, that they are the instrumental causes of grace. We differ from Dr. MacDonald, but not from the Council of Trent, in maintaining that they are the dispositive instrumental causes of grace.

Now as to the mind of St. Thomas. Dr. MacDonald takes me to task for quoting "isolated passages," "bits and scraps," "chips and fragments." If there be any offence in citing passages from St. Thomas, "bits and scraps of his writings," "chips and fragments," if you wish, Dr. MacDonald is far more guilty than I. What has he done from the outset but to quote and compare passages from various works of the Angelic Doctor? But, perhaps, he will tell me that my passages are isolated, and his are not. For my part, seeing that the *onus probandi* lies upon my adversary, I am content to rest my case upon that "isolated passage" which is called the *Fourth Book of the Sentences*, and on those "chips and fragments" from *Qq. De Veritate*,[4] and *Qq. De Potentia*,[5] whose appearance must by this time

[2] May, pp. 449–451.
[3] Sess. 7, can. 6.
[4] Qu. 27, a. 4, ad 3, 9, 12.
[5] Qu. 3, a. 4, ad 8.

rather give Dr. MacDonald warning of "rocks ahead." Dr. MacDonald's previous quotations having proved ineffectual, and those particularly from *De Veritate* having been painful evidence of St. Thomas' fidelity to the dispositive causality, our attention is now directed to two brand new passages. In the first, the Saint, having previously distinguished between *instrumentum perficiens* and *instrumentum disponens*, excludes the former and admits the latter. In the second, he teaches that the minister (and therefore the sacrament, as Dr. MacDonald well says), is the instrumental cause of grace; but whether perfective or dispositive he does not say. That is all. Moreover, what St. Thomas teaches in the passage quoted from the *Commentary on the Sentences* is repeated in the *De Pot.*[6] It is idle to produce passages in which St. Thomas says that the sacraments are instrumental causes of grace, and thence to conclude that he intends to speak of *perfective* instruments. He teaches in the *Commentary on the Sentences* that the sacraments are instrumental causes of grace, and that they are dispositive instruments. In the *De Veritate*, as Dr. MacDonald admits, "he affirms categorically that the sacraments are instrumental causes of grace," and he also explicitly asserts their dispositive instrumentality. And while in the *Summa* he again "affirms categorically" the instrumentality of the sacraments in relation to grace, he is at the same time writing in the *De Potentia* that their instrumentality is dispositive. What more can be desired?

With regard to these awkward passages from *De Veritate*, Dr. MacDonald says that I assume "without warrant that because St. Thomas, in his *De Veritate*, speaks of the sacraments as *instrumenta disponentia*, he must needs mean that they produce immediately only a disposition to grace, and not grace itself." The reader may remember that Dr. MacDonald cited a passage from *De Veritate*[7] to prove that St. Thomas had, when he wrote that work, outgrown the theory of the dispositive causality of the sacraments, which he admittedly taught in the *Commentary on the Sentences*. Now, when it is pointed out that St. Thomas three times teaches the dispositive causality in this very article, we are told that we have no warrant for taking the phrase in this place in the sense which it admittedly bears in the *Sentences*. And yet the phraseology is the same: "Instrumentum disponens" (ad 3); "instrumentaliter et dispositive" (ad 9); which may be compared with the *Commen-*

[6] Qu. 3, a. 4. [7] Qu. 27, a. 4.

tary on the Sentences, passim (St. Thomas's first work), and with *De Potentia*, qu. 3, a. 4, ad 8 (practically his last work, contemporaneous with the third part of the *Summa*). When one finds the same phrases used by the same author in the same connection throughout his writings, the question seems to be rather: What warrant have we in *changing* the sense? Indeed, Dr. MacDonald's next sentence shows that the whole matter is the result of a confusion of ideas. He says: "An instrument by its very nature acts by disposing, but its operations need not stop short at producing the disposition." Here he confounds the two operations of an instrument, upon which I have been throughout insisting, viz., its natural operation, and its instrumental operation. The operation proper to an instrument as a natural agent is always dispositive of the subject for the reception of the effect of the principal agent, as St. Thomas teaches in I. P., qu. 45, a. 5; whence he teaches, in the same place, that no instrument can coöperate with God in creation, as there is no subject to be disposed. But the *instrumental* operation of an instrument—*i. e.*, the operation by which it produces the principal effect by virtue of the principal agent—may be either dispositive or perfective, according as the instrumental power reaches directly to the ultimate effect, as in the case of the painter's brush; or stops short at the production of a disposition in the subject, which entitles it to receive the ultimate perfection from some external source, as in human generation. And it is of this *instrumental* operation that St. Thomas always speaks when dealing with the causality of the sacraments; they are *instrumenta disponentia* of grace; they cause grave *instrumentaliter dispositive*. Hence, whatever may be the various senses of "dispositio" in its different collocations, in this particular subject-matter it bears the strictly defined sense of the immediate effect of the instrument acting as such.

The revival of a sacrament received validly and unfruitfully is explained by Dr. MacDonald in the manner which I had anticipated. "In the case of an obex, the valid reception is still a reality known and remembered by God. It is, as it were, the word of God pledged to give the grace, instead of his written promise, to which the disposition may be likened." But the point is: Is the grace the effect of the sacrament or not? Is the sacrament the efficient cause of the grace or not? If not, the grace is not sacramental, but extra-sacramental sanctifying grace. And according to Dr. MacDonald's theory, it is impossible for the grace to be the effect, and as he must hold, the *physical* effect, of the sacrament; for a non-existent efficient

cause can produce no effect, and here the sacrament no longer exists. The theory is, as I have already said, pure and simple Occasionalism. The disposition is not merely akin to a written promise of God to confer the grace. It is the connecting link between the efficient cause, the sacrament, and its ultimate effect; just as the disposition caused by the father's generative action makes him the true cause of his son, even though the birth be posthumous.

I will conclude with two specimens of argumentation. I am told that I take it for granted that Baptism might confer grace without at the same time imprinting a character, because I say that, "if it were true that the character and the sacramental grace were equally immediate effects of the sacrament, its repetition, while leaving the character intact, would undoubtedly give an increase of grace." Therefore I am in opposition to the implied teaching of the Council of Trent. Dr. MacDonald might also have said that I was in direct opposition to the explicit teaching of the Council of Florence (*Decr. pro. Arm.*). But obviously, I say that this would be so, only in the impossible realization of the hypothesis that the character and grace are independent and coördinate, and not interdependent effects of the sacrament. If they were independent and equally immediate effects of the sacrament—which I deny, but which must be maintained by those who hold the perfective instrumentality of the sacraments as regards grace—it would be exceedingly difficult to defend the non-reiteration of the sacraments which confer a character, for an increase of grace might always be given. My argument, then, is this: If the character and grace were equally immediate effects of the sacrament, the sacrament might be repeated and grace given without a new impression of a character. But the Church teaches that the sacraments which confer a character may not be repeated, precisely because the character is indelible (*Decr. pro. Arm.*). Therefore the sacraments are not the immediate causes of grace; but the ultimate effect depends immediately on the character, and mediately on the sacrament.

The second example of extraordinary argumentation is found somewhat earlier in Dr. MacDonald's article. St. Thomas, in III P., qu. 69, a. 10, compares Baptism with generation. He says that in generation the *forma* is produced, and simultaneously the *effectus formae*, if there is no obex. Having given the example, he proceeds to apply it to Baptism. The character is "quasi forma," and grace is the "proprius effectus." Dr. MacDonald therefore concludes that be-